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THE rank and file of the Republican Party, or by another definition those disgusted with the proceedings at Chicago (indeed, the public in general), are the gainers in the reproof-valiant, counter-check-quarrelsome, and lie-direct passage between General Leonard Wood and President Nicholas Murray Butler. When two such eminent authorities on intra-party affairs fall out, their words command attention. Granting, as Mr. Butler regrets in rejoinder, that the General lost his temper, hasn't he a grievance—at least, against college presidents? They are always keeping him out of something—first the war, then the Presidency. On the other hand, Mr. Butler's metaphor was, at least, tactless. For a holder of the Order of the Prussian Eagle (fourth class) to label New York State as the Belgium of the war is dangerously implicative. Who then was the Kaiser in the case? Who the Moltke, the Emmich, and the Bissing? Messrs. Wood, Procter, Hitchcock, and Moses —*front and center!* It is your right to have this question answered, as well as to inquire why it should be Butler, of all men, that is harrowed by the spectacle of "unlimited money." As for *The Nation,* it refuses to enter the controversy. It will remain neutral, while strongly sympathizing both with oppressed Belgium and the reluctant participants in "the Hindenburg drive to overwhelm the Convention," as Mr. Butler terms it. Still, strong pressure for a verdict might compel the admission that both are right, quite right. What could be fairer than that?

THE American Federation of Labor is injured even more than the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America by the decision of Justice Rodenbeck of the New York Supreme Court in the case of Michaels Stern & Co. vs. the Amalgamated—though the Federation assisted the employer-plaintiff. After excluding nearly all the economic evidence, the court has made the injunction against the Amalgamated permanent on the ground that no union may attempt to create a "labor monopoly." What this probably means in practice is that, if a union has a collective agreement with an association of manufacturers, it cannot call a strike in the factory of an employer who will not enter the agreement and thus remains out of the area of organized industrial government. Such an employer may pay lower wages and enforce longer hours than his competitors, yet the union is forbidden to do anything. The court apparently confuses a trade union with a corporation in business for private profit. Because competition among profiteers is supposed to be good for trade, competition among unions, believes the court, must be encouraged also. The more competing unions, the better. In this case the small competing union which benefits from the decision is a dummy local of the United Garment Workers, introduced into the Michaels Stern shop on the initiative of the employer after negotiations with the Amalgamated had been broken off. It so happens that the United Garment Workers is a protege of Mr. Gompers, and yet we hardly believe he can relish this attitude of the court, since he has always bitterly fought seceding and "outlaw" unions on the ground that there can be only one recognized labor movement. It goes without saying that the case will be appealed.

THE interview with President Wilson obtained for the New York *World* by Mr. Louis Seibold presents the President as almost entirely recovered from his paralysis and as again taking a normal interest in public affairs. It also reveals him as the same stubborn executive, bent on having his way and insisting upon interpreting favorably to himself the opinions of the nation. He pretends, as heretofore, that the League of Nations will triumph at the polls next November. Not unnaturally his letter has set the politicians to buzzing and the prophets to prophesying that Mr. Wilson will be renominated, particularly as Mr. McAdoo has seen the handwriting on the wall and refused the Democratic nomination. We can only say that, logically speaking, no one ought to be asked to defend the mess which Mr. Wilson has made of things but Mr. Wilson himself. He is the author of our disaster in Paris, and, if he insists on America's accepting its evil consequences, he ought to be the one to convince America of that course. His illness and the reasonable prejudice of the country against a third term (especially for a man who stood on a one-term plank when first chosen) will probably prevent his nomination. Among the other candidates only one, John W. Davis, is of respectable stature. Boss Platt once said, when it appeared as if Timothy L. Woodruff might be nominated for Governor of New York, that it looked "as if it were tapering down to

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Tim." When one calls the roll at San Francisco—Palmer, Bryan, Cox, Gerard, Cummings, Glass, Edwards—it is obvious that a once great party is about down to the dregs.

CLEAR proof of what the public has long suspected—that the facts of much of what is going on are withheld from the President—is afforded by Mr. Wilson's declaration in his interview with Mr. Seibold that no Republican could assert that "any citizen has been unwarrantably punished for any act of aggression or disloyalty against the nation; that any man has been punished for expressing his opinion." The statement is so far from the truth as to make it impossible, of course, to attribute it to other than utter ignorance. No man of Mr. Wilson's high position could deliberately set afloat so false a statement. The truth is that there have been 988 persons convicted under the Espionage act, not one of whom was an enemy agent or spy. The great majority are American citizens, the bulk of whom are behind prison bars for expressions of opinions in print or by word of mouth. There was Kate Richards O'Hare whom the President pardoned only three weeks ago, there is Eugene Debs himself, and there are hosts of others—one, for instance, sentenced in Minnesota to thirty years in jail for an expression of opinion *within his own home!* More than that, there has been the greatest unevenness of prosecution, some men being properly unpunished where others were unjustly convicted. So far from Mr. Wilson's statement being the truth, his Administration has committed in hundreds of instances that gravest of crimes—sinning against the noble American spirit of freedom and truth-telling just as it has permitted one violation after another of our Constitution.

UP to this time we had not suspected General Pershing of being next door to an anarchist. We had thought of him as a modest, gallant, honorable, and extremely successful soldier, with the extraordinary good sense to stick to his last, to let no man turn his head, and to abjure politics. Now, however, he has struck such a blow at the army's most cherished custom as to make every old soldier wonder if he is not to be rated with Trotzky and Lenin, those apostles of giving food to no one who does not work. The General has actually asked to retire from his high rank and the leadership of the army because he finds that under the army reorganization act he will have so little to do it will not keep him busy and content. This, we submit, is disloyalty to his caste. From time immemorial it has been the privilege of an American army officer in time of peace to do about one-third of the day's work of a civilian. We have known of regimental commanders who never "took" a parade in ten years; of generals whose sole function was signing papers for one hour a day; of aides who had nothing to do but idle their weeks away. We know one important colonel at this moment who daily arrives at his office at ten o'clock and leaves at half past twelve. We know of regiments with two and three colonels—but we need not go on. Everybody who knows the regular army will appreciate how General Pershing has sinned. Has not Congress just added about 5,000 more officers to the army than can possibly be utilized in legitimate military duties? If the War Department should ever insist on a full day's work from every officer, it would find it could readily render an enormous percentage of the commissioned strength inactive or disband it to civil life. That the War Department never will does not keep us from saying that what General Pershing has done adds, in our estimation, to the worth of his services.

THE new housing bill, introduced recently in the House of Commons, is bitterly lamented by tenants who object to the fifteen per cent increase in rents permitted, with an additional twenty-five per cent when the landlord does all the repairs; and by the landlords because the bill allows to a tenant in arrears with his rent extra time in which to pay it. A spokesman of the landlords seems to voice the general opinion when he says, "If a tenant, owing to the war, is in a more unfortunate position than before the war, it is greatly to be deplored, but that is no reason why he should be protected to the detriment of the landlord." Meanwhile, bill or no bill, the ejection of tenants who cannot pay the increases in their rent is going on busily, with a new angle made possible by the fact that if the landlord can furnish "reasonable alternative accommodation" the eviction is expedited. What the landlord has done in many cases is to buy another house, sometimes quite unfit for habitation, and when the defenseless tenant accepts it in lieu of a bench in the park, the doughty landlord sells the alternate house and the whole process is gone through again. With a severer housing shortage in Great Britain than in the United States, there has been less rent profiteering. The working classes have been fairly well protected.

THE failure of the League of Nations to act in the matter of the Polish war is discussed on other pages of this issue of *The Nation*. The kindest explanation of that failure is offered by Lord Curzon, who says that an attempt to check the Polish advance "would certainly be regarded as intervention in favor of the Bolsheviks and against our Allies"—a feeble excuse in the face of the drawn-out horror of war which the League was created to prevent. The case of Persia was more complex, for Persia had applied to the League for protection against Bolshevist invasion. By way of answer the Council of the League, sitting in London and composed of Lord Curzon, Viscount Chinda of Japan, and the chargés of the six other Governments participating, decided that it could hardly take action until Persia had received from the Bolshevist Government a reply to its note of protest. Various newspapers have taken the opportunity to point out that such an explanation was merely a method of letting the League down as gently as possible from an untenable position. How could a group of minor officials with no mandate from their Governments take an action which might involve those Governments in war or in diplomatic commitments? Obviously they could not. And so the League, malformed from birth, is now marked for an early death. The tragic thing is that it does not seem to realize its fate. Having failed to prevent Poland from invading Russia, and Russia from invading Persia, the League has cleared the decks and is looking around for other battles to lose.

WE are about to loan Poland fifty million dollars. According to the New York *Evening Post*, a throng gathered in Carnegie Hall on Sunday night, June 13, cheered, sang Polish national songs, and waved their red and white flags before a "life-sized portrait of General Pilsudski, encircled with flowers . . . beneath American and Polish flags." The perfected technique of the "drive" was all there, even to the blessings from the powers that be. Secretary

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of State Colby sent a cordial telegram stressing Poland's need to reestablish her industries and commerce. Fifty million American dollars would help in that way nicely and leave Polish money free to buy machine guns, tanks, gas, and the necessary explosives with which to rase Russian cathedrals and blow up Russian aqueducts. Secretary of War Baker was more aboveboard when he sent a telegram to encourage the Polish loan because Poland was "the barrier of Western civilization and there is nothing between the Rhine and the Russian army except the Polish army." "The barrier" had moved itself some 200 miles east of the generous boundaries allotted it by the Supreme Council, but is now, happily, retreating, leaving in its wake the usual devastation of an invading army. Not a dollar should be forthcoming until the Polish Government has ceased its frenzied efforts to conquer further territory.

THE lynching of three Negroes in Duluth, except in establishing a new farthest north of the tide of race hatred, presented no unusual circumstances. There was the customary deliberateness which refutes the extenuation of a citizenry "blinded by passion"—an automobile parading the main streets for two hours inviting recruits, a prolonged attack on the police station, and a "trial" by the "infuriated" mob. There was the customary inadequacy of the police who, though outnumbered, could have checked the crowd but for specific instructions not to use revolvers. Finally, there was the customary innocence of at least one, if not all, of the victims. Only prompt punishment of the lynchers can in part atone for the outrage. As the Duluth Kiwanis Club declared in a resolution adopted with commendable promptness: "Duluth has been disgraced before the world and every decent citizen has been made to hang his head in shame." But it is not only Duluth. It is our entire country which continues to besmirch itself with atrocities that would shame the Turk. Nor can it longer be alleged that this is a sectional problem. It has become a compelling duty for all Americans—especially to be commended to those who are agitating in behalf of oppressed nationalities in other parts of the world—to end our own infamy. Despite valid objections to greater centralization of power in Washington, a federal anti-lynching law should be promptly enacted to provide for the apprehension and punishment of lynchers when local communities fail.

BISHOP ARTHUR C. A. HALL of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Vermont writes to the President that it is the duty of the Government either to prosecute Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School and his associates for their denunciation of the cruel and illegal practices of the Department of Justice, or to disown and repudiate and punish those responsible for those practices. "Failure to take one or the other of these courses," he says, "must call forth the indignant judgment of the American people and expose us to the contempt of other nations." We are already suffering the latter punishment, as those who read European newspapers well know, but the indignant judgment of the American people has lagged far behind the course of administrative tyranny and official brutality. Yet Bishop Hall's statement is a hint of a new independence on the part of the church and of an abandonment of its cringing wartime subservience to the powers that be. The action of the Pittsburgh Federated Council of Churches and of the Pittsburgh Ministerial Union in demanding the reestablishment of free speech and free assemblage and protesting any legislation curtailing those rights—obviously referring to Duquesne, where the mayor says that even Jesus Christ would not be allowed to speak—is a similar hopeful symptom.

A GENEROUS share of self-interest will doubtless enter into the public estimate of Miss Nelle Schwartz's analysis of working conditions in the New York Telephone Company. Half of the telephone operators remain with the company less than two years; one-fourth remain six months or less; it takes two years for an operator to acquire sufficient speed to handle the theoretical normal "load" of 230 units an hour. This sequence of fact goes far to explain the present hopeless state of the service. But what is the cause of the enormous turn-over? What drives girls out of the Telephone Company, which properly boasts of its working conditions, its rest rooms, its paternal care? During a typical week Miss Schwartz found that more than one-half of the operators were receiving a basic wage of less than $16, including pay for overtime; "the highest peak was reached by those earning between $15 and $18." The maximum rate for New York, possible of achievement after six years of service, is now $23; up-State it ranges from $17 to $19. This might be considered enough to diminish enthusiasm for a career of telephone operating; but this is not all. During December it is estimated that about one-fourth of the operators in New York State worked overtime. The nervous strain of the work is considerable, especially for girls as young as the average Telephone Company employee. There are not enough operators to carry the increased traffic. The "company union" is neither democratic nor representative. For the sake of the telephone operator, let the public insist that these conditions be changed; for the sake of the public, may it happen soon!

AFTER recording the unanimous silence of the Philadelphia newspapers when Gimbels' department store in that city was charged with profiteering, it is a pleasure to note the publicity given by the New York press to a similar charge against the firm in New York. The *World* put the story on the first page; the *Tribune* placed it opposite the full-page advertisement of the department store in question. We do not mean to disparage the honesty of such a news policy in saying that it is easier for New York newspapers to withstand influence by department-store advertisers because, with their larger circulations, they hold the whip hand. If all the newspapers of any city should determine upon such independence, the department stores would have to advertise, whatever the news printed or suppressed. As it is, there are New York newspapers with lower circulations than some of the Philadelphia dailies. The influences which play upon the New York dailies are of a subtler and more dangerous sort. The editors and owners of the metropolitan press would sharply resent any suggestion of dictation by advertisers—indeed the *World* once got the "tip" for a first-page story from an advertiser who telephoned the business office to ask that the story be suppressed—but the fact remains that in their attitude toward the news from Russia, and toward such domestic phenomena as the Nonpartisan League, the steel strike, the coal strike, the railway strike, and the Palmer policies, they unerringly reflect—although sometimes they have the honesty to reconsider—the attitude of the groups which might be expected to seek to influence them.

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A Marionette for President

Believing as I do in political parties and government through political parties, I had much rather that the party to which I belong should, in its conferences, make a declaration, than to assume a leadership or take an individual position on the question.

HARDING in a nutshell, in his own words. Through his entire term he has been faithful to that lofty conception of duty. During five and one-half years in the Senate he has made no real fight for anything good or bad, but has stood consistently with the organization in defense of the business interests that support him and it, has stood in a quiet "me too" fashion. He has faithfully followed his Old Guard leaders, talking little, voting much, and voting just as the strings were pulled by the invisible, but none the less obvious, hands that run the G. O. P. show.

His suffrage record is characteristic. Interviewed by a suffrage delegation in November, 1915, he was inclined to leave the question to his party, feeling that it would be presumptuous for him to dictate. Two months later: "I am not sure how I will vote, but think I will vote against suffrage. I don't see how I can vote for suffrage and against prohibition." On December 10, 1917, he declared bravely: "I shall do the thing when the final test comes which best answers my conviction of a righteous attitude." On April 28, 1918, he had agreed to vote as his State decided—and as it had twice voted against suffrage—"me too." "But I am not sure but that I shall vote contrary to their vote. I feel that many things have changed since their vote was cast." They had, indeed. Among others, the party leaders had learned something. So on June 4, 1919, along with the rest of the Republican machinists, Harding voted for the amendment. How grateful the women should feel!

Like other wary politicians, Harding supported the prohibition amendment, despite his statement quoted above; and as a good Republican he voted to override the President's veto of the Volstead enforcement act; but he opposed prohibition for the District of Columbia and the Philippines, voted against the Sheppard amendment extending the Reed bone-dry provision to the District, and supported the chair in declaring out of order the war-time prohibition rider to the agricultural bill. Further, he gave the liquor interests a last chance by sponsoring that section of the amendment requiring ratification to be completed within six years.

His war record was absolutely regular—that of a Republican hack, voting for the espionage act, of course, and against the exemption of religious objectors from the draft. Throughout the treaty fight he stood consistently with the Lodge reservationists, making one speech, moreover, that should serve to draw the German vote in the coming election. Undisturbed by ideas or principles, he voted each time with the gang. When it comes to finances, one can always predict where he will be found. In February, 1917, he voted to raise all needed revenues by bond issues rather than taxation. With the whole Penrose crowd he voted against taxes of 60 per cent and up on war profits, against the La Follette amendment to place a graduated high tax on incomes of $1,000,000 or more, and the La Follette motion to make public the income tax returns, against the 70 per cent tax on war profits proposed in place of the 20 to 40 per cent taxes of the second revenue bill, and against the amendment to get added revenue from large inheritances.

He voted to limit federal control of the railroads to a period of six or twelve months after the war, and favored limiting the President's rate-prescribing power to government business, not general transportation. When it came to the return of the roads, he opposed limiting the income of carriers to 5 or 6 per cent, favoring 7 instead. He voted against La Follette's substitute for the Cummins bill, continuing federal control for two years, and dodged Stanley's amendment cutting out the anti-strike provision of that measure, finally voting for the bill with the anti-strike provision. The Cummins-Esch bill came from conference loaded down with guaranties to railroad owners and with provisions offensive to labor. Harding was paired in favor.

During the long fight against the vicious Shields water-power bill, Harding steadily voted against amendments designed to improve it. After the Federal Trade Commission had nearly finished its investigation of the packers, the Penrose following proposed to cut its appropriation in two. Harding voted "yea." The President nominated George Rublee, an able Progressive, to membership on the commission. Harding opposed him. Louis D. Brandeis was named for the Supreme Court. Harding stood steadily with the Old Guard in their desperate fight against confirming him. Senator Borah in 1918 led a struggle to abolish secret consideration of treaties. Harding voted "nay" with the same group. He voted against appropriating $500,000 to create an employment bureau in the Department of Labor, against preventing the lengthening of the working day of government employees by a half-hour, against the prohibition of labor-driving bonus and stop-watch devices in the navy yards, and (*mirabile dictu*) in favor of the minimum wage bill for women and children in Washington, D. C.

To lengthen the list would be merely tiresome repetition of the same sort of thing. An amiable, faithful, obedient errand boy for the Old Guard politicians and the business interests they serve, nominated on a platform that means absolutely nothing, Harding is put forward like a cigar-store Indian to attract trade. Very likely he will do it; for the fools are not all dead yet; there are thousands of voters who are tired of making any effort to think and who want a rest from Wilsonian rhetoric. But such voters had better think again in view of the Harding record; otherwise, as an observer said but a few days ago, "In a month Harding will be a great man." In truth he is a dummy, an animated automaton, a marionette that moves when the strings are pulled. Who will pull the strings? The Chicago convention showed plainly enough, and the record of the old line politicians and their friends shows whither the automaton will walk. Mexico, and a "strong" foreign policy, and compulsory service, and the ending of labor nonsense, and law and order, and one hundred per cent Americanism as it is expounded by the Security League—are they not all written in the book of remembrance? And has not the Senator from Ohio amply proved his willingness to be their prophet, while Penrose pulls the strings?

The decision—made instantly after the Convention—to conduct only a front-porch campaign in Marion, to allow no speech-making tour by the nominees is appropriate and prudent. It will prevent the party's least known candidate in a generation from more widely establishing himself as a colorless and platitudinous, uninspired and uninspiring nobody.

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New Parties for Old

THE nomination of Senator Harding for President by the Republicans has stimulated the movement for a third party in the campaign. More correctly, one should say that it has increased the opposition to and the probable deflection from the two major parties; for it remains to be seen how much of this dissatisfaction will be crystallized in a third party and how much in a fourth, fifth, sixth, or other lesser organizations. It is not necessary to wait for the nomination of the Democrats at San Francisco to predict that the vote in opposition to the two major parties—whether considerably united or widely scattered—will be of formidable proportions. The Republicans lost the only chance that the major parties had of nominating a man that could inspire any measure of public confidence or enthusiasm. The Democrats have no men of sufficient stature to offer as standard bearers. Edwards, because of his anti-Prohibition stand, would rouse enthusiasm in some quarters, but not necessarily confidence; he would get more hurrahs than votes. But more important than the lack of a first-class candidate, the Democrats are hopelessly weighed down by the millstone of the Wilson Administration about their necks.

With no possibility, therefore, of the old parties offering a candidate or a platform to appeal to the enthusiasms, the aspirations, or the barest daily needs of the public, to whom shall the voter turn? There are at least four organizations in the field that must be seriously considered: the Socialist Party, the American Labor Party, the Nonpartisan League, and the Committee of 48. Of these the Socialist Party is the only one with a nation-wide organization, a record of twenty years of educational campaigning, and a national and international program. In Eugene V. Debs, now paying the price in Atlanta prison of his courage and conscience during the war, the Socialists have a Presidential candidate whose disinterestedness and devotion are above suspicion. Debs polled nearly a million votes eight years ago, but, unless a radical change occurs in the temper of the American people before November, the Socialist Party can hardly become a rallying point for more than a tithe of the dissatisfied voters who would like to break away from the major parties. The greater part of the American public is not yet convinced of the soundness of Socialist doctrine, while the war record of the organization—although one of the fine instances of intellectual honesty and courage that the period developed—condemns it in the eyes of many who still see through a glass darkly with respect to those days. Finally, the principles and constitution of the Socialist Party preclude its union with other organizations except on its own basis. They must come to it; it cannot meet them half way.

Neither the American Labor Party nor the Nonpartisan League is likely to prove more successful than the Socialists as a magnet for all the disillusioned voters of the old parties. The American Labor Party is too young and too far from having obtained the support even of trade unionists; the Nonpartisan League is too sectional and too largely occupied with the interests of farmers. From the present outlook the organization with the largest opportunity for detaching voters from the old parties may prove to be the Committee of 48, which has called a national convention to meet in Chicago on July 10. The Committee of 48 is purposely elastic in conception, with the aim not of displacing but of uniting other organizations that are opposed to the old parties. The American voter usually puts personality before platform, however, especially in a movement such as the Committee of 48 aims to further, and it is the misfortune of the Committee that it has no commanding figure to put forward. Senator La Follette and Frank Walsh are among the possibilities suggested, but the fact that the latter is a Catholic would be against him with many, unreasonable though such prejudice is. Senator La Follette's war record would unjustly hurt his candidacy, yet he is the one man now in sight who could be depended upon to carry his own and probably several other States. Such a ticket would not cut so deep into the normal Republican vote as did Roosevelt and the Progressives in 1912, but, unlike that movement, it would be a two-edged sword, hacking into the Democrats as well.

It must not be forgotten that the development of our political system so far has been all toward the suppression of minority opinion and toward control by one of two dominating parties. Our States have now generally come to choose their Presidential electors on a general ballot, throwing the entire vote to the candidate receiving a plurality. Thus the vote of a third party in a State—and for that matter a second party—is entirely lost. In the election of 1912 Taft's popular vote was 3,484,956, about one-fourth of the total vote of nearly fourteen million, but he carried only Utah and Vermont, receiving eight electoral votes out of 531. In order to have any practical effect a third party must be able to carry certain specific States. A very few such victories this year might prevent a majority for any candidate and send the election to the House of Representatives. That would mean the election of Harding, but it would shatter the prestige of the old parties—possibly beyond recovery.

This destruction of the grip of the old parties as now constituted is the goal that the independent and intelligent voters should keep before them in the coming election. Victory by a mere coalition of the forces of opposition to the major parties would be undesirable, even if it could be obtained, unless as a result of such coalition the many dissimilar elements which the opposition at present represents were able to sink their differences in a constructive administrative program satisfactory to them and to the people of the country as a whole.

Otherwise the result might be disappointment and set-back for the cause of fundamental economic and political readjustment. Probably the Socialist Party is the only one with a program sufficiently definite and thought through to please even a measurable number of its own supporters if carried out. The hope of the present campaign, therefore, seems to be in piling up a big vote, even if scattered, against the two old, outworn, and incapable parties that have too long controlled our destinies. If their prestige can be broken, there will be ample chance in the next four years for the newer parties to work into power in city, county, State, and Congressional elections. While the country is recovering from the benumbing effects of war, the new and bewildering problems which the world conflict has raised can be attacked. If the two old parties can be defeated and a united opposition installed, we may hope to face the future thoughtfully, honestly, and courageously; no longer stampeded from hillside to hollow like dumb and panic-stricken sheep, no longer compelled to choose between parties that offer no choice.

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Commencement Truth-Telling

IT is hardly safe in these days to invite an Englishman to make a speech. The British habit of talking facts rather than mere words, and of facing situations rather than effacing them, is acutely embarrassing to Americans, especially at a time like this when any fact is likely to explode if too closely examined. Sir Auckland Campbell Geddes, British Ambassador at Washington, invaded Princeton University the other day and set off several facts and theories that might have caused considerable damage in less fireproof minds. The war, he said, was fundamentally caused by a shift in economic balance by which the food products of America were no longer sufficient for the support of the industrial civilization of Europe. "Germany was being forced into a position in which she almost had to fight." With the economic changes effected before and during the war have come new beliefs and social concepts. "The great accumulations of wealth are more or less obviously nearing the end of their making. . . . The period of the great raids . . . upon the resources of nature is drawing to its close all the world over. . . . We have got in Europe now millions of working people who say to themselves: 'What is a life worth that at the end leaves us with nothing achieved except having avoided being starved to death and having produced children who will follow in our path?'" Sir Auckland predicts "great changes" all over the world arising from these causes and this state of mind, and he professes to look forward to them without despair. It is to be hoped that his obtrusion of such thoughts upon the distilled atmosphere of Princeton will have no ill effect. To the world outside it is interesting to discover that the new British Ambassador is willing to envisage, though not very clearly, a changing world in which a saner civilization can be achieved only through intelligent acquiescence and guidance. Let us hope that he realizes that such a world can hardly be achieved by the simple agency he suggests—"free intercourse of thought and of frank understanding" between American and British university men.

The thought and understanding of President Hibben, for instance, would probably solve few of the world's great problems. In a baccalaureate address, heralded as sensational in the press, Dr. Hibben warned the young men of Princeton of the "general moral laxity" which has supplanted the "elevation of spirit" produced by the war. This laxity has resulted in industrial unrest, in financial instability, and, finally, in the degradation of women, who have lost their "aura of mystery" in this day when "no word is left unsaid and no veil drawn." Dr. Hibben fails to see that instead of coming as a meaningless reaction from the sublimity of the war spirit, present-day laxness in all walks of life is indeed itself the result of war. As he says, "our illusions seem to be gone," but in their place have come restlessness, moral indiscipline, discontent—and some wisdom. It is no use to point back to the Pilgrim Fathers and the religion of the Puritans —better Ambassador Geddes's genteel slogan: University Men of the World, Unite! It is no use to shake one's head or one's finger. Only those are useful in this day who understand that the ferment is at work in a new brew; who realize that the cleanness and faith and honor of the world are bound to a new religion. Ambassador Geddes, perhaps, can faintly discern its meaning and its outlines, but President Hibben is looking the other way.

That Literary Capital

WHAT New York took away from Boston about the middle of the last century Chicago now threatens to take from New York, England has recently been learning from a Baltimorean. In an "American Literary Supplement" to the London *Nation* a few weeks ago Mr. H. L. Mencken asked Europe to lift its gaze a little higher than the Palisades, a little higher, even, than the Alleghenies, and rest it upon the vast hinterland of the Middle West, with special reference to "the gargantuan and inordinate abattoir by Lake Michigan." "However largely New York may bulk in the imagination of Europe," warns Mr. Mencken, "it ceased long ago to hold any leadership in that department of the national life of the republic which has to do with beautiful letters."

New York, it seems, lacks great writers ("scarcely a book of capital importance has come out of the town for a generation") because it lacks a great atmosphere. "The New York spirit, for all the gaudy pretentiousness of the town, is a spirit of timidity, of regularity, of safe mediocrity. The artist arriving from the province is confronted at once by that alarmed orderliness, that fear of ideas. A subtle something wars upon the elements that make him what he is. His ideas are delicately flattened out." Whereas, says Mr. Mencken, "In Chicago there is the mysterious something that makes for individuality, personality, charm; in Chicago a spirit broods upon the face of the waters. Find a writer who is indubitably an American in every pulse-beat, snort, and adenoid, and nine times out of ten you will find that he was bred there, or got his start there, or passed through there in the days when he was young and tender." New York . . . "is simply a place where the raw materials of civilization are received, sorted, baled, and reshipped. In all the fine arts it is a mere wholesaler, and vastly less the connoisseur than the auctioneer."

Right there, as it happens, is a point. What is the utmost function that the best discoverable American literary capital, as the land now lies and the people now live, could perform? Could it alone plant and sprout and cultivate and harvest all the genius there is? Not even Chicago could do that. The best capital would be nothing more than the best wholesaler, the best clearing-house. Whatever the services are which New York now renders to literature, not the most contemptible or the least valuable are those of recognition and distribution. There may be mountains more of talent at the end of Lake Michigan than at the mouth of the Hudson; yet when those mountains groan and flame, who knows it first? There is no denying, and there is no wish to deny, the huge, picturesque vitality of Chicago and of the Middle Western authors whom Mr. Mencken groups there—Masters, Sandburg, Dreiser, Anderson, Herrick, George Ade. New York can afford to be modest. But it happens to be New York's business to know and make known. She is fully as happy as Chicago over the bursting of new brains into flower—and does more about it. It is in New York magazines that most Middle Western readers learn what Middle Western writers are worth while; it is from New York publishers that they buy their next door neighbors' novels. An Englishman, glancing at Mr. Mencken's rather brilliant essay and wanting to know more about its writer, will have to refer to a Manhattan wholesaler. There is a burden and a business about being the literary capital, Chicago will find.

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The Ghosts at San Francisco

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

DO you believe in ghosts? Then you are by right entitled to a ticket to the San Francisco convention of the Democratic Party, for if ever ghosts walked they will there—the ghosts of the ideals that were held up to all Americans at the last two conventions of the party, those at Baltimore and at St. Louis. No one who was at Baltimore during that long and intense struggle to nominate Mr. Wilson will ever forget the thrill which came when that task was accomplished. It seemed like the dawning of a new era for America, this nomination of a scholar and orator, who was voicing with such extraordinary grace and power the aspiration of multitudes for a better and truer democracy, who had battled for that democracy at Princeton, and had, as Governor, sat at Trenton with his door open so that the humblest citizen might have access to him. The end of Bryanism in the party was in sight. We were assured a real alternative to the corrupt, boss-ridden, and corporation-owned Republican Party. The mere selection of Wilson was proof that the Murphys and Thomas F. Ryans of the Democracy were to be relegated to the rear.

Eight years have passed, eight epoch-making years, during which time the old order of the world has collapsed. We have witnessed not the beginning of a new era of liberal domestic reform of which Woodrow Wilson seemed to be the prophet; we have witnessed the end of the old system and have no exact light as to just what shape the new is to take. Today vast foreign problems confront us; if Mr. Wilson has his way the whole debate of our great quadrennial national Chautauqua is to turn upon the question of whether we shall or shall not adhere to the existing League of Nations. But neither he nor his henchmen will have their way unchallenged. The ghosts of the past are not so easily downed. For all who have the inward vision, for all who truly dreamed the great dream at Baltimore and St. Louis, those ghosts are as tangible as the actor who plays the part of the disembodied spirit of Banquo in "Macbeth." In impressive numbers they will drift across the platform right in the midst of the "key-note" speech; they will respect not at all the rapturous applause which will greet the assertions that the party saved the world from tyranny, safeguarded democracy everywhere, insured freedom to small nations, and forever put an end to militarism. Against these patent falsehoods they will hold up protesting hands. To all declarations that the party has been true to itself they will oppose the still bleeding wounds that killed them. And when it comes to praise of the lost leader they will cover their heads and beat their breasts in protest. They know who slew them and when.

They were all sired by the *New Freedom* and mothered by Hope. Some of them had curious names. There was *Pitiless Publicity* and *Let-There-Be-Light*. There was *End-to-Monopoly* and *Footing-of-Equality*, with her twin sister *Footing-of-Opportunity*. There was *Bring-the-Government-Back-to-the-People* and *Legislation-in-the-Open* and *Justice-for-All* and *Down-with-the-Trusts*. Who remembers these names now? Then there are some better known such as *Presidential Primary, Initiative and Referendum*—there are perhaps a few voters that remember them and *Emancipation-of-Business*. But at San Francisco their names will never be mentioned, and not because they belong, like woman suffrage, to the ranks of reforms achieved. They are for the moment forgotten, and with them the sentiments that the leader of the party so freely voiced about them. It was the party nominee, for instance, who said—before the day of Mitchell Palmer—"we stand in the presence of a revolution—not a bloody revolution; America is not given to the spilling of blood—but a silent revolution, whereby America will insist upon recovering in practice those ideals which she has always professed, upon securing a government devoted to the general interest and not to special interests." But the author of those words has been in control of the government for seven years and we are not a whit nearer to being the government free from privilege than we were when these words were penned.

Mr. Wilson honestly felt at that time, to quote him again, that "the truth is, we are all caught in a great economic system which is heartless." But the great hope that he held out that if he were chosen there would be a new order has vanished like wisps of fog before the sun. The laws of America, he insisted in 1912, "do not prevent the strong from crushing the weak. That is the reason, and because the strong have crushed the weak the strong dominate the industry and economic life of this country." But after eight years the strong still crush the weak and dominate the industry and our economic life. Mr. Wilson has achieved nothing. With moving earnestness he demanded that we "bring the Government back to the people" and under his occupation of the White House the government was more autocratic and further removed from the people than ever before in the history of the country. He sensed the great discontent of the people and he voiced its aspirations only to leave them unfulfilled. The people's thirst for real justice he has quenched not at all. Their great passion for equality before the Government is no more satiated.

Ghosts will indeed walk at San Francisco, for liberty and justice and equality must all hang their heads when the history of the past three years is recalled. Not all the pointing with pride that the platform makers at San Francisco can do will obscure the fact that under the administration of the author of the New Freedom America imprisoned men with conscientious scruples against killing; that it sullied its noble record by creating a new class of prisoners—political prisoners after the manner of Czar and Kaiser; that the war to end war ended with a greater standing army than ever America had before and three times as many officers in the professional military caste as when Mr. Wilson took office. All in the name of giving the government back to the people—of extending democracy! No amount of celebration of Democratic success can hide the fact that our jails are full of soldiers and civilians, many of them innocent and all the victims of the hatreds and passions engendered by war. No amount of boasting can conceal the fact that we waged an unjustified and unjustifiable war against Russia. Nor can any amount of denunciation of the Senate and the Republican Party conceal the fact that the President of the United States who, in December, 1918, was received in Europe as a second Messiah, betrayed himself and his country, and the aspirations of humanity to a better world

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which his eloquence had done so much to kindle, when he surrendered to the Allies in the spring of 1919. There will be no more pitiful and no more touching and tear-compelling ghosts at San Francisco than the ghosts of the *Fourteen Points!* If the truth were to be spoken at San Francisco some one would rise and say: "Oh, Democracy, what crimes have been committed in thy name!"

Of course, if the truth were to be spoken in San Francisco many other things would be said. It would be admitted that Mr. Wilson threw over all that he had done for the domestic liberation of the American people the hour that he declared war. War is the antithesis of everything for which the Democratic Party was aspiring at Baltimore and St. Louis. That every one will admit. But the answer is that we slay our liberties only for a short time and for the sake of preserving our country and that when the national emergency is over we revivify them. Alas! Our experience in the war and its aftermath shows once more that you cannot lay violent hands upon the chastity of such goddesses as Justice, and Liberty and Righteousness and Freedom of Soul and then expect them to regain their pristine virginity.

The most pathetic ghost of all at San Francisco will be the ghost of Woodrow Wilson's former self, and the most pathetic onlookers the multitudes who pinned their faith to him and now are losing or have lost their faith not only in our American institutions, but in all political government. It matters not who is nominated there—though I think that that Democratic Senator was correct who remarked the other day that nobody except Mr. Wilson should be nominated because no other human being should be asked to shoulder the burdens of the mistakes, the follies, the wrongs perpetrated by the President and his subordinates. To do that, it may be urged, would be to inflict upon the nominee that cruel and unusual punishment forbidden by the Constitution which has been dragged in the dust and prostituted like the veriest street drab since April, 1917. As Mr. Wilson so truly remarked, we are all caught in an economic system which is heartless, and the heartlessness and its other evil features have been enormously accentuated by the war. The next President is likely to become profoundly aware of this.

Personally I am profoundly sorry for whatever man will be elected to sit in the White House during the next four years; it seems impossible at this writing that he will be else than a foredoomed failure, that he will be else than a chip borne along the resistless tide of vast economic forces. But the array of candidates gives one a sinking of the heart and makes James Buchanan look like a strong and respectable figure. James W. Gerard, Homer Cummings, Secretary Glass, Mitchell Palmer, Governor Edwards—these are not names to conjure with. McAdoo would have brought ability to the office—the ability of an imperialist—and would have continued the Southern tradition in the White House with its connivance at the disfranchisement of one-tenth of our population and its hateful segregation in the Departments at Washington. John W. Davis would bring a new and interesting personality into public life, marked ability, and a well-trained legal mind—just when we need least of all the legalistic mind so cold and clear-cut. Governor Cox, despite a fair administrative record, ranks below Harding in the opinion of discriminating Ohioans who have followed his career. Some dark-horse nominee may possess different qualities. But the chances are that we shall get as little light and inspiration from San Francisco as we have from Chicago.

Will Sinn Fein Succeed?

By WILLIAM MACDONALD

Dublin, May 17

WHAT is the likelihood that Sinn Fein, whatever the advantage or the disadvantage which it may suffer on account of the violence which is undoubtedly increasing in the country, will nevertheless be able to attain its main purpose—the independence of Ireland? Assuming that the "new policy" of the British Government is to be one of increased military rigor—and the indications seem to point to that as the course which is likely to be pursued—will Sinn Fein be able to win notwithstanding this great obstacle? On the other hand, if the "new policy," in spite of some increase in the number of troops in Ireland, turns out to be one of conciliation, will Sinn Fein be able to modify its position without losing the support of many of its members? An answer to these questions involves a number of considerations, one or two of which have not been given much prominence in America, if, indeed, they have been fully weighed even in Ireland itself.

Sinn Fein is in reality not a unit; it has a strong pacifist faction which is opposed to violence as a means of attaining its end, and a radical group which in practice seems to believe that the end justifies the means and which is apparently sympathetic with much of the violence which is now going on, even if it does not actually plan or advise it. It should not be understood that there is as yet a split in the organization along this line; there is simply a radical difference of opinion regarding procedure which may or may not split the organization later if the Government should adopt a policy of rigorous military coercion. As an organization bent upon securing the political independence of Ireland, however, Sinn Fein is at the moment very dependent upon the support of two extremely important classes of persons. One of these is the labor unions, of which the Irish Transport Workers Union is in most respects of chief importance. In the election of 1918 organized labor in Ireland gave way to Sinn Fein, nominating no Parliamentary candidates of its own, but supporting the Sinn Fein nominees. In other words, it recognized the aims of Sinn Fein as for the moment more important than the aims of labor. Organized labor in Ireland, however, like organized labor in England and elsewhere, is predominantly socialistic, with an appreciable element which inclines strongly toward Bolshevism or Communism; moreover, it is showing a strong disposition to break away from all formal connection with British labor and to manage its affairs independently.

With the support of Irish organized labor wholly assured by the predominance of the political issue, Sinn Fein has not as yet found it necessary to formulate an economic program. Clearly, however, the time is not far distant, whatever course the political controversy may take, when organized labor is likely to insist upon knowing where Sinn Fein stands with reference to the fundamental economic issues which are the warp and woof of labor thinking and labor agitation. Labor cannot be expected to stand aside permanently on behalf of a political movement unless it knows what kind of recognition its own demands are to receive when the political battle has been won. A demand for an economic declaration of faith is likely to put Sinn Fein in a quandary, not because its members are not, in large

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measure, sympathetic with the things that organized labor desires, but mainly because of the attitude of another important class in Ireland upon whose support Sinn Fein at present is able to rely. I refer to the priests of the Catholic Church. While only a few of the Catholic bishops have made known their sympathy with Sinn Fein, very many, perhaps a majority, of the clergy are either members of Sinn Fein or give the organization their effective cooperation. In a country where, as in Ireland, the overwhelming majority of the population is in communion with one church, the attitude of that church toward any movement of reform is a very important consideration. The Catholic Church, however, is not only not sympathetic with Socialism, but in official or semi-official declarations from time to time has taken strong ground against all socialistic teachings and practices. It will be difficult for Sinn Fein, when the time comes, to place itself upon an economic platform which will satisfy labor and at the same time meet with the approval of the church. On the other hand, it is not free to forsake the one and cleave to the other, even if it desired to do so, for at the moment it needs them both. There are those in Ireland who think that, of the two, Sinn Fein owes most to the church, and that a formal condemnation of the organization by the Pope would go a long way to undo its influence; but as to that I do not venture an opinion.

It seems evident that, with the mixed support which it now has, Sinn Fein must tread carefully if it is to avoid division within its own ranks. From the standpoint of the British Government, accordingly, the worst possible course would be the adoption of a policy, such as drastic military coercion, which would drown all these differences in the one intense and deadly struggle for liberty. With the monumental capacity for blundering which Britain has thus far shown in all its dealings with Ireland, it is nevertheless to be anticipated that precisely such a course of drastic repression and punishment may now be followed. Assuming, on the other hand, that more moderate counsels prevail, is there any reason to suppose that Sinn Fein might yield something of its extreme claims and accept, say, a Dominion status in place of complete independence? In order to understand that question one must look at the situation in Ulster.

I have never been in a community whose intellectual and political life seemed to me so hopelessly out of date as does the intellectual and political life of Ulster. Here is a region obviously more prosperous than the rest of Ireland, and with a flourishing industrial life which Sinn Fein Ireland does not possess. The dominating influence in Ulster, however, is religion, and the Protestantism of Ulster is at least two centuries behind the times. Thanks in part, no doubt, to the vicious circumstances of its English colonization, but quite as much to the favored treatment which England has accorded to it and to the mischievous ways in which the question of a government for Ireland has always been presented, the religious thought of Ulster lives upon antagonism and dissent. It has conjured a picture of the Catholic Church and of Catholic clergy and laymen which has had few parallels anywhere since the Thirty Years' War. It firmly believes that the rest of Ireland is priest-ridden, that no word of a Catholic may be trusted, and that for Catholics and Protestants to live together without Catholics flying at the throats of their opponents is impossible. To the influence of these antiquated notions has been added the natural conceit of power and importance which has followed from the considerable approval given openly in England to the extraordinary performances of Sir Edward Carson in behalf of Protestantism and the British connection. The result has been to develop in Ulster not only an exceedingly irritable temper and a dogged unwillingness to compromise, but also an abysmal ignorance of some of the most important conditions of the problem with which Irish government has to deal. If the intellectual outlook of Ulster were the sole deciding factor, the future of Ireland would be hopeless.

For the continuance of Ireland's distresses, however, if they continue, the responsibility must rest with the British Government rather than with the Irish people either North or South. Were it not that the Government, in spite of all the criticism which has been showered upon it, seems bent upon forcing to its passage a bill which grants to Ireland nothing that anybody wants, which Sinn Fein has entirely ignored and will continue to ignore, and which Ulster shows no eagerness to apply in its own part of the island, and that in the meantime Ireland is rapidly passing under martial law in everything but name, I am disposed to think that the forces of compromise might come to some conclusion. With all its reactionary temper and irritated feelings, Ulster is rather less fearful of disaster under Sinn Fein hegemony than it was. Sinn Fein, on the other hand, realizes the desirability of a united Ireland as against an Ireland grouped in two hostile camps. So long as members of Parliament at Westminster and English spokesmen in Ireland insist upon talking about the duty of Ireland to preserve the Empire, and about the obvious unfitness of Catholic Ireland to govern itself, not a suggestion of compromise will be listened to by either side. If, however, without official summons or sanction, representatives of Sinn Fein and of Ulster, including in the latter Sir Edward Carson, could meet and discuss the situation, I think there is some ground for believing that an agreement upon the lines of a Dominion status might be arrived at. In default of some such agreement, one may be permitted to doubt whether anything short of a revolution in England, bringing to power the radical labor forces which are now struggling to assert themselves both within and without the Labor Party, can open the way to an early realization of Sinn Fein aims.

It is the tragedy of the Irish situation that neither sensible compromise nor unequivocal success seems to be the promise of the immediate future. Neither Sinn Fein nor Ulster are likely to get together. America, whose interest in Irish freedom is a thorn in the flesh to the British, need not be surprised if martial law and guerrilla warfare soon spread their destructive wings over the whole of Ireland. Meantime, Sinn Fein is in the saddle. Its rule in Ireland is the only one generally observed. Its arbitration courts in land cases are operating successfully, and it has proved its ability to ferret out and punish criminals. With the local elections of the first week in June, it will control practically the entire local administration outside of Ulster. It will presently refuse to sanction rates for British purposes, and will levy its own rates, collect them through its own collectors, and hold them in the hands of its own treasurers. It has an army, and its executive officers are ready for their tasks or else are actually performing them. This is the unseen government which Britain in its stupidity hopes to destroy by military force; this is the people for whose subjection Britain is willing to sacrifice every principle of English liberty and justice, if so be that the tumbling Empire may be a little longer preserved.

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Plumb Defeats Gompers

By ARTHUR GLEASON

PRESIDENT GOMPERS entered to a peal of music, and set the key-note of his Convention of the A. F. of L. by saying:

"The ranks of labor, no matter how far advanced some may be, must keep time and step with those who are the most backward."

The rearguard continued to be the pace-makers for eleven out of the twelve days, but there came a day when the convention opposed Mr. Gompers and the machine, and voted in favor of Government ownership and democratic operation of the railroads. They voted in the Irish Republic and voted out the Russian Republic. The pull of Sidney Hillman was manifest at several points in the proceedings. The insurgent minority is growing. It is still a baffled minority. It is the element that wishes a political party, a couple of key industries nationalized, amalgamation of crafts, the organization of the great groups of unskilled and semi-skilled. In general, the insurgent element is poorly represented. The debating of the convention members is dreary. They are school children compared to the captains of European labor. There is an absence of ideas and of leaders.

It is possible to enjoy the convention, if you take it as a good-hearted, unworried crowd working out some social betterment for their group in a comfortable world whose main affairs are in other hands. But if things are running down in the great world, and this group is the only destined group from whom a new impulse can come—if you feel urgency, then this genial, loose-belted crowd does not seem girt for the job. A British Trades Union Congress belongs to the delegates. The debates create policy. The Convention of the A. F. of L. belongs to the Committees. The contests are off-stage, and the debates are the sputter of a minority as they are flattened by the well-oiled, purring, central machine.

The position of Mr. Gompers is lonely and pathetic. Realization of this touches his talk. The rank and file are breaking from him, and creating a movement undreamed of in his philosophy. The Government whose war he helped to win has chucked him as a squeezed lemon. The great political parties know that it is inexpedient to dicker with him. The set of public opinion is against the "right to strike." So he comes to his own, to the one set of men in the country who believe in him, love him, and still follow him. They still know their master's voice. With these international presidents, "veterans," "war horses," "battle scarred warriors," office holders for a lifetime, he is at home. Gompers is a rock-hewn landmark, four-square, where the colors are lowered in passing. Gompers is the citadel of Verdun. The position is costly and antique. The fight could be better made elsewhere. But he is an emblem. He has a platform presence of commanding power, with a massive and delayed delivery in speech. His little finger is thicker than the thigh of his opponents. He is as authoritative as a Jewish rabbi. His enunciation is careful and his phrasing simple and strong. He has the dignity of a Charles W. Eliot. When he stands with his back to the wall and fights for the elementary rights of workers, he communicates his emotion to his audience. There was such a moment when he said: "Any attempt to enforce compulsory labor must be resisted at any cost."

When it came time to reelect him, several delegates did not stand up to be counted in favor. Among them I noticed a couple of garment workers. On a call for those who opposed him, one delegate rose, James A. Duncan, the brave little leader of the Seattle Central Labor Council. The mind of the rank and file shines through a British conference. Twenty leaders voice it. The central executive shifts members each year. The Left is there, as well as the Right. Ideas are in command. In that gathering is the coming Government of the State and the future administrators of industry. Conscious power is present in the proceedings. But the A. F. of L. leans on "forty years of experience." It prefers the One Big Boss to the One Big Union. Mr. Gompers is fortunate in his Matthew Woll, Tobin and Co., and it is pleasant to see the deadly accuracy of these suave gentlemen of the inner cabinet when they shoot down young hopes. But the time may come when they will need the friendship of "social idealists." A line-up becomes increasingly manifest. On the one side, the trade unionism of tradition, the building trades and the small miscellaneous trades. On the other, the railroad workers, machinists, miners, needle trades. Said one delegate in the smoking car to his neighbor:

"We've been individualistic as long as it was possible. Now we've got to learn to get on with each other. That's what the vote for the railway plan means." The resolution, passed over Mr. Gompers's appeal, in favor of Government ownership and democratic operation of the railroads (passed by a vote of 29,058 to 8,348), does not use the words "Plumb Plan." But the resolution and the driving force behind it come from the skilful, moderate, American campaign of Glenn Plumb, the Plumb Plan League, the excellent paper *Labor* (with its 350,000 circulation), and the Railroad Brotherhoods. Education has touched the rank and file, and rolled up an enthusiasm which won this convention of delegates. Mr. Plumb appeared before the convention, and gave a reasoned, temperate analytic statement, as able as the British guild statements of Frank Hodges. Mr. Plumb carries heavy but quick-firing guns, as effective on intrenched positions as those of the Allies in the last months of 1918. In general, the convention was immune from the presence of the great forces in the outer world. But in this victory of the two million railroad workers, the convention showed that it can be captured by a social cause and a modern ideas when the champion "talks American."

The first days were almost without incident. The diary of a delegate might run like this:

Monday—President Gompers spoke solemnly and well, and the convention adjourned. Saw Mrs. Eva Fay do some brisk mind-reading.

Tuesday—Convention adjourned before it had quite met, as the Hall is a long way from the hotel and 9:30 is a severely early hour for an international president. Enjoyed William S. Hart in a two-gun play.

Wednesday—Convention adjourned for a motor-ride.

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Thursday—Convention sat for three hours. Saw Wallace Reid in a *Saturday Evening Post* film.

And so on.

Reports brought in "Commended the President of the Federation," "Commended the Executive Council," "Commended the language of the Executive Council's Report." There was a period in the convention when the delegates grew so lethargic that a total of three were voting resolutions "adopted unanimously."

It was nine days after the opening of the convention when John Frey made a brilliant semi-syndicalist speech. It was a well-stated and bitter attack on the state. It is, of course, inevitable that the A. F. of L., if it continues without political expression, will end in extreme syndicalism. But this is probably the first overt statement of the revolutionary implications of Mr. Gompers's position. John Frey is a man with a clear and excellent mind. He and Mr. Plumb are trained debaters, who state a proposition, proceed logically, and don't swing circles of repetition. In hearing them, one could momentarily imagine oneself among men of the caliber of British labor. Mr. Frey showed the state as the looming, gigantic, inevitable enemy of the worker. He showed a world of workers versus the state. He pictured the state as swayed by powerful interests, an entity indifferent and sometimes hostile to average human concern. He showed it as lying and treacherous, an inner cabal manipulated by unscrupulous persons. We give a few audacious sentences, but Mr. Frey's entire talk must be read to realize the drift of his philosophy. The American precedents for his doctrine are the utterances of Andrew Jackson and an unfinished book by Randolph Bourne on "The State." In Britain, outside of the syndicalist group of the Clyde and South Wales, perhaps only Bertrand Russell has taught so boldly. John Frey said:

> There is growing up in this country the idea, advocated by those who claim to be our friends, by near statesmen, publicists, and others, that the welfare of the state is paramount to the rights of the individual. They believed in that in Germany. Is it sound trade union doctrine that we should turn over to the state power over our economic movement? Is there anything from experience that teaches us to place confidence in the pledges that governments make us? I have always been taught that the best policy is for workers to band themselves together as a militant body to determine conditions. It has been possible to convince the majority of the workers that trade unionism is the only hope the workers have. As an American, I do not want the state to have very much control over me. I want the state to guarantee my rights as a citizen and let me battle for myself. The state is the action of persons set up to represent us. The solemn promises made by the state have been broken [he cited Lloyd George's promises to the British trade unions, the use of the Lever Act against organized American labor]. It is a mistake to place too much reliance on the state. The state moves too slowly, is too much swayed by powerful influences, it never yet did much for mankind, for men won their liberties before the state guaranteed them. This is a turning point in the policy of the trade union movement. [He refers to government ownership as proposed for the railroads.]

The sensation of the convention came when Frank Morrison, secretary of the A. F. of L., opposed Mr. Frey, and advocated government ownership. President Gompers, opposing, said:

"If I were in a minority of one, I should want to cast my vote so that the men of labor shall not willingly enslave themselves to government authority in their industrial capacity."

The convention was admirable in the matter of the color line and requested the words "only white" members to be stricken out from the constitution of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks. A Congressional investigation into conditions in West Virginia was called for. On Russia, the convention refused recognition of the soviet government. John Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, joined the machine in abolishing Lenin. Mr. Frey of the Executive Council showed we could not shake the bloody Russian hands, *because they "advocated not only scientific management but its details, the use of the stop watch."* Mr. Duncan of the Executive Council (not "Duncan of Seattle") said that "the Russian people expect, when an opportunity is given them, to try to have a similar democracy to that which we have here in the United States."

When John W. Ogden, representing the British Trades Union Congress, spoke, the representative of the Associated Press unintentionally invented a sentence and wired it to the newspapers of the United States. It appeared thus in the New York *Times* of June 15:

"Mr. Ogden warned the federation that it must ignore any 'internationale' similar to that formed in Russia and other countries."

Mr. Ogden did nothing of the kind. Concerning the Associated Press invention he said to me:

"I said nothing of the kind. I did not refer to Russia, directly or indirectly, in this connection. I have at no time said anything of the kind. I suppose I can do nothing about it as a guest here. But what is unfair and unfortunate is that the remark may be quoted in England, and I shall be busy for months in denying the statement to one person after another. Anything you care to do in your courtesy to deny the statement I shall be grateful for. Please understand me clearly: I said nothing, absolutely nothing, of the kind. It is absurd and impossible that I could make such a remark in regard to the Russian situation."

What Mr. Ogden did say was, "The non-unionist is almost extinct." He showed the value of a labor political party—"the only party that can fight the Coalition Government, and it requires fighting."

After a tiff, the convention indorsed the League of Nations without reservations. Not a word of protest was heard when the committee reported for "a non-partisan political campaign," which means no sympathy with a political labor movement. The convention refused to take decided action on the imprisonment of James Larkin, but took an excellent stand on the release of political prisoners, in general.

The convention voted back into power the Stand-pat Stand-bys. But it shook loose several times on points of policy. In this, it is like British labor, which retains on its Parliamentary Committee a few old-timers, to flavor the insurgent Left. These American workers do not yet know that their organization, because economic, is more powerful than the Democratic or Republican political party.

The Transport Breakdown

An illuminating article on the New York tie-up and its ramifications—an analysis and a constructive proposal for relief

in next week's issue of *The Nation*

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Telling the Truth About War

By ROBERT HERRICK

IF the progress of humanity back towards sanity and decency after the delirious debauch of the war and the vindictive peace seems at times depressingly slow, so slight as to suggest a permanent lowering of the morale of civilization, there are, nevertheless, certain signs which mark the ebbing of the tide of hate, of wilful obscurantism, of self-delusion and sentimentality. No better landmark has appeared than the recently published volume of confessions by the widely-known war correspondent, Mr. Philip Gibbs. Its title is both an apology and an indictment—"Now It Can Be Told!" The same message was told in almost identical terms now so frankly used by Mr. Gibbs by at least two other truth tellers about war, the Austrian Latzko and the Frenchman Barbusse. And told in the very crisis of the fury, when to speak out unpleasant truths about war was considered, on all sides, if not absolutely traitorous, at least shameful and "defeatist."

The reception given Mr. Gibbs's piece of truth both here and in England is heartening to those who long for the time when men will again dare look the truth in the face and be ashamed of their former selves. The Englishman, happily, presents his testimony to the futilities and crimes of war after having built up an excellent reputation for "patriotism" of the conventional sort in his much-read despatches from the fields of battle. Not even the most rabid heretic hunter can shout "Pro-German" or "Defeatist" against Mr. Gibbs. To be sure those who read his war correspondence might have detected beneath the sympathetic words chronicling human heroism and endurance an inner note of tragic pity, a sense of human waste that was not to be found in the headlines. No one can say that Mr. Gibbs does not know whereof he speaks when he narrates incident after incident of stupid leadership, of futile slaughters, of the inevitable rot of army life. No man outside the ranks of combatant—and who can say that such a close observer as Mr. Gibbs was less than a combatant?—ever knew as much about the details of war as he and from the depth of this knowledge he has written what will remain, because of its convincing English fairness and lack of personal vindictiveness, one of the most moving indictments of war and militarism ever penned. It must require, even now, an extraordinary moral courage thus fearlessly to reveal the great crime as he saw it—an offering of pure devotion to the spirits of those slaughtered millions of "clean boys," for whom his book is a piercing lament.

The Austrian Latzko, so rumor has it, has already paid the price for his courageous truth telling in time of general hysteria; he has been murdered in Hungary by some of those "Whites" whom the victorious Allies preferred to Bela Kun. This reserve officer, one infers from his books, was of early middle age, of cultivation and breeding, quite possibly an engineer in civil life, and sufficiently mature to understand just what the military machine was doing to the youth of the world. His stories flame with revolt at the fate of ignorant peasants and artisans, clerks and artists, who had no quarrel with any peoples or any governments. Barbusse was a young man of letters, whose early book betrayed nothing of the imaginative power and human sympathy that his pictures of war display. "Men in War" fell quickly under Mr. Burleson's ban. The report of a victim of Prussian militarism was considered debilitating to allied morale, for the system was too much alike the world over to permit even an enemy to describe and denounce its workings. Both "Men in War" and "Le Feu" had to suffer that other more subtle moral censorship of the right-minded, who found such truth telling disloyal and defeatist. It took a certain amount of hardihood to admit that one had read "Le Feu" except for purposes of condemning it. One may well wonder why the strict French censorship allowed Barbusse's book to run into the hundreds of thousands, as it did in France during the war: the probable explanation is that "Le Feu" so exactly expressed the reactions and opinions of such a considerable part of the French army that the authorities did not dare to exercise their arbitrary power and suppress the book altogether. Instead they put it on the special index of things which their myriad propagandists in this country had orders to denounce. So one heard dapper little professors or charming Frenchwomen solemnly assert that "Le Feu" was false to the reality of war, neither good literature nor good patriotism—"trop de Zola, vous savez!" and seriously recommend in its place such piffle as "Gaspard"! Of course, our very best Americans, who read the *Times* and *Tribune*, outdid even the French in their denunciation of this great war epic, because to their propagandist zeal they added a puritan hypocrisy and professed to find nothing in the book but nastiness and filth, ignoring its many passages of beauty and tenderness as well as its searing message of truth. In spite of all this denunciation "Le Feu" has lived and is likely long to survive the passions of our day, as one of the very few imaginative products of the world war. If the Englishman excels in a sense of tragic pity, the Austrian in bitter loathing of war and its injustices, the Frenchman surpasses both in his imaginative rendering of fact and his insight into its human significance.

The Austrian reserve officer, the French poilu, the English war correspondent all suffered to the full the experience of war, on different sides of the immense field and at different angles of observation. All the more convincing is the similarity of their reports, not merely in the bloody details of human butchery, the physical agonies of men tortured and murdered according to the hellish ingenuity of modern methods, not merely in the sickening stench and utterly degrading personal misery of the daily life of factory fighting, but even more in the wider aspects of command, of political and social intrigue, of the reaction in its entirety of our social organism to the disease of war.

Both Latzko and Gibbs emphasize the mediocrity and the stupidity of the higher command of armies—the professional ineptitude of the military class and its revolting ambitions, whose prizes must be priced in human lives. The Englishman describes in much detail the tranquil isolation of headquarters, housed in some lovely chateau far removed from the muck of the shambles, which is manipulated by telephone, inhabited by spruce "staff pups" and ambitious, wooden-headed officers, where war becomes a problem of maps and mathematics with interludes of convivial discussions. Latzko has an even more vivid picture of the General in Command dwelling apart in a noble castle, a com-

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fortable motor ride from the Front, descending with his staff to the public square of an afternoon for tea and music, who finds the war a good thing, provided it continues long enough, because it has lifted him from insignificance, penury, and dull routine to the position of an autocrat with the wayward power of a God of life or death or promotion over thousands of human lives. In "Now It Can Be Told" one may learn at last how slowly and with what huge cost the English staff trained itself in war, a bitter revelation to many an English father and mother of those brave boys uselessly killed because some corps commander wanted to appear "active" to his superiors. After reading these veracious accounts of generalship on the Flanders front and on the Austrian front in Italy the inevitable conclusion is that the military mind is ordinarily most incompetent, and that if mankind must have the sport of mass slaughter the one thing to do at the outset of war is to relegate all professional soldiers to subordinate administrative positions in the rear, while civilians are put in charge of the slaughter factory to run it as expeditiously and efficiently as they would any other business. (And yet in face of the growing record of military incompetence and mediocrity of leadership in the great war, many leading citizens seriously desire to foster such ineptitude by enlarging our peace time military establishment.)

All these truth tellers about war bring out the striking difference in point of view between the Front—where men are doing the dangerous business—and the Rear, where they win the war in the newspapers and over drinks at the club by cursing out the Hun. Gibbs tells of the manly English contempt of the soldier for civilian hysteria and hate, and his real feelings towards his enemy. Latzko (in his "Judgment of Peace") describes the bitter resentment of conscripts egged on to the holocaust by flowers, kisses, and taunts. Barbusse treats the topic more ironically. "Are these the people we are giving our lives to save—these profiteers, these bitter-enders who would fight to the last man of us?" All three plainly indicate the growing sense in the armies of injustice of being condemned to their awful fate by the wills of bitter old men, of sleek politicians, of those who did not know what war is—and did not care. One suspects that by another year the fighting would have come to an end by a general strike at the Front—unless fresh American enthusiasm had "carried on." This growing antagonism between the Front and the Rear expressed itself in a very general determination among the soldiers that after this war to end war a different sort of statesman should be chosen to guide the destinies of all peoples. An impulse, alas! that seems to be rapidly evaporating under the influences of peace and bonuses and political trickery.

Barbusse has the more logical and penetrating mind, which perceives that the terrible system of mass slaughter is not an isolated phenomenon of our social order. His later book, "Clarté," is largely an emotional presentation of the fundamental causes of war, which are merely an extension and intensification of peace-time principles. The same ruthless rule of a selfish, ignorant minority that makes of war such a bloody catastrophe also runs our power states and plunges their peoples into war as the last gamblers' throw in the wicked imperialistic game. In peace as in war there is the same removal of the Higher Command from the immediate field of anguish, the same incompetence and favoritism, selfishness and profiteering, by those in power. Indeed, one might almost say that the state of pseudo-peace which has succeeded the world war is as essentially and disgustingly war as the actual hostilities: for poison gas, famine is substituted. So if we would exterminate war—which the booby mind will always say complacently is impossible—we must reform our peace-time world, and to this end Barbusse and a group of like-minded "intellectuals" have set themselves in the movement called Clarté.

Is this condition of intermittent insanity which we call war an inevitable calamity for humanity, always latent in the social system, erupting periodically in mass slaughters? That is the view of superficial men, of profiteering egotists, of closed military minds. It is not the belief of these three experts in war. All of them affirm their faith that war can be and will be eradicated from human society, but never by the present governments, the present leading class in society—by the men who gamble in human lives for oil wells and Russian concessions and tropical products, no matter how they disguise their policies. A revolution of some sort in these peace-time governments, now more closely linked up with capitalism in schemes of imperialistic exploitation than ever before, will have to take place before the latent war spirit and actual war can be checked.

For—and this is the deepest and most poignant truth that these men who dare speak out the truth about war have to proclaim: war always falls hardest on the mass of people—the little people. It is they who must pay the biggest part of the bill, while others reap profits—sometimes. Never has it been truer than in this world war to end war that it is only the exploiting classes, the imperialists of trade, who profit from war. "How long, O Lord, how long!" before these dumb masses who pay for the bloody sacrifice with everything they have shall perceive this eternal truth and shall forever forbid war? For they have the power—and they alone.

Barbusse, as well as Gibbs, has a fervent faith that the day approaches, but reviewing the events of the past eighteen months, since the world emerged from its bloodiest and most futile war delirium, it seems doubtful whether the lesson that humanity must learn some time (if any sort of civilization is to endure) has yet been mastered. Will it take another cataclysm—that "next war" already so glibly prophesied by the professionals?

Officer O'Flaherty

By J. M. BATCHELOR

With what stern sign, rebukingly,
The austere hand of Anthony
Banished Beelzebub, or how
St. Francis of the gentle brow
Waved back the devil to his hell,
Or with what motion Gabriel
Raised a commanding arm, alas,
We cannot know, since angels pass,
With saints and imps, to yesterday;
And yet this morning, on my way
Across an asphalt street, I saw
A blue-coat servant of the law
Guiding traffic with the quaint
Celestial gesture of a saint.

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Spain at the Cross-Roads

By ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

IN the debates that went on in the Spanish Cortes from the middle of December to the end of April—and they constitute one of the most remarkable Parliamentary episodes of Spanish history—reactionary forces seem to have had a shade the better of it. Attempting to conciliate liberal and conservative opinion, Mr. Alejandro Lerroux and even Mr. Melquiades Alvarez stepped so far over to the Right that most of the glamour of uncompromising idealism which has sustained the radical minorities in the past was dimmed. These men looked more like politicians than they have ever looked before. Whereas, the frank conservatism of men like Mr. La Cierva shone, among all the compromises, with a halo of patriotic strength. In Spain, as elsewhere, nothing is ever more impressive than a conservative statesman leading a mob in defense of law and order. This was the impressiveness of Mr. La Cierva.

The "boss of Murcia," however, showed his hand throughout the whole parliamentary struggle as a politician of great astuteness, his cleverest stroke being an attitude on the railroad strike which won applause from all the liberal and radical moderates.

That the present situation in Spain is intolerable everybody will grant. It is the most surprising situation that has confronted any nation in Europe since the Russian Revolution. That situation has been little understood outside of Spain for the very simple reason that it came into being in 1917, when the world was absorbed in the war, and when, as regards Spain, the only question interesting abroad was the country's attitude toward intervention in the great conflict. However, the formulae of "pro-German" and "pro-Ally" meant little when applied to the episodes in Spanish political and social life, as a brief review of the outstanding facts will demonstrate.

When Alfonso, in the month of August, 1917, took to his yacht in the harbor of San Sebastian, ready to sail for England at a moment's notice, nine Spaniards out of ten expected a republican revolution, and about that percentage wanted a revolution. The trouble was very simple. More than that it was banal, with a banality which only European bureaucracies understand: when a series of promotions had been announced by the Minister of War, the officers of the army had declared against Alfonso. The cause of dissatisfaction in the army was the alleged favoritism in these promotions. Alfonso always took a great personal interest in the military and was in direct contact with the capital garrison. The younger subalterns in the military hierarchy, stationed in Africa, in the Islands, and in the outlying districts and provincial cities, became convinced that they were the victims of discrimination in favor of officers enjoying the superior amusements and the superior opportunities of court life.

This dissatisfaction was the origin, in 1917, of the *juntas de defensa*, secret associations of the officers of lower rank for mutual protection in their careers against the generals and higher officers, and especially against the General Staff made up of Alfonso's personal friends. In organization and purpose, to a certain extent also in tactics, the *juntas* resemble the labor syndicates of Catalonia. Like the anarchistic unions of Barcelona and its vicinity, their effective association is "underground," and reveals its power in action only. The *juntas* are another example of the characistic romanticism of Spain.

The crisis of 1917 did not long remain within the scope of bureaucratic log-rolling. The leaders of the Left in Spanish politics, the radical Liberals, the Republicans, the Reformists, and the Socialists, decided that in this army agitation the favorable moment had come for the political regeneration of Spain. A secret meeting of these leaders and the representatives of the *juntas* was held at Madrid, and a program of "peaceful revolution" was drawn up. This plan was in its general outlines public property. A general strike of labor was to be called by Socialist and syndicalist organizations. The radical parliamentary leaders were to summon the deputies whom the Ministry was refusing to assemble and declare Parliament in session as a Constituent Assembly. The army officers were to depose their generals and declare for the republic, recognized as operative in the Assembly.

These plans were laid with the secrecy of a presidential boom by an American favorite son. Everyone knew of them, from the king to the beggar on the street. This was the occasion of Alfonso's reported offer to resign and to accept a post in a republican army in exchange for the cares of the throne. The publicity given in advance to the revolutionary enterprise in order to prepare public opinion for a peaceful revolution gave the opportunity for some very deft maneuvring on the part of the conservatives. The revolutionary forces were made up of three elements: the military, demanding bureaucratic army reform; the middle classes weary of governmental inefficiency; and the industrial proletariat, eager for socialistic or syndicalistic revolution. This heterogeneous coalition was broken in the middle by a series of episodes cleverly managed from the neighborhood of the throne. The liberal middle class elements in Spain are perfectly willing to dispense with the Monarchy provided they receive guarantees that the "revolution will not go too far." They demand that property and life be respected by the subversive forces. Whatever the reasons that have in the past actuated Spain in preserving the Throne, that institution is being maintained by the middle classes of Spain today as an alternative to a socialistice or a communistic regime.

This was the loophole for a royalist counter-offensive. *Agents provocateurs* called a premature strike of workingmen in Valencia and other centers. Mobs were led against the shopkeepers. There was rioting and looting. Numerous assaults were made by workers upon members of the rich middle class. On the line to Barcelona, rails were torn up in the path of a military train, which was wrecked with serious loss of life.

The conservative press took up the slogan: "Peaceful revolution is impossible. The present order is the sole guaranty of life and property. The parties of the Left have no personalities strong enough to control the appetites of the mob." The strikes, made to Government order in the summer of 1917, wearied the proletariat; but as they were interpreted to the public, they terrified the middle classes. Alfonso however was helpless before the military. He sur-

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rendered, dismissing his General Staff and accepting the dictation of the *juntas* in reconstituting it. The *juntas* were satisfied. They were not interested in revolution or in republics. The general strike came off on schedule time in August; and the deputies came together in unofficial session. But the army did not move nor did the public. A few Socialists were put in jail. A few radical papers were suppressed temporarily for having advocated revolution. Thus the crisis of 1917 passed; or rather, the crisis of 1917 changed its form and continued, as it continues today.

The only persons who gained their point in 1917 were the military officers organized in the *juntas*. They exacted from Alfonso a surrender as abject and humiliating as any sovereign submitted to in the throne-wrecking years from 1916 to 1918. With the collapse of his personal authority went also the collapse of parliamentary government. The Ministries of Spain since that time have been bookkeeping establishments, maintained to collect taxes, to pay bills, and to transact routine business. The *juntas de defensa*, the army officers' clubs, without whose consent no Cabinet can act, decide all issues that involve a test of authority.

Such issues during the past two years have been four. The first case was that of Captain Boyer. Captain Boyer, a member of the *juntas*, was a German agent, commissioned to watch Allied shipping in Spanish waters and to reprovision the submarines from Spanish ports. Denounced and exposed by the Allied secret service, Captain Boyer was arrested on a number of indictments. At the demand of the *juntas* he was released and never brought to trial.

The second case was that of the Committees of Vigilance in Barcelona. To repress syndicalistic agitation in Catalonia, the younger elements of the middle classes organized in armed groups and asked police authority from the Romanones Ministry. The Ministry refused this request on constitutional and practical grounds. The military governor of Barcelona thereupon deposed the civil authorities, drove them out of the city, and appointed a representative of the *vigilantes*, Bravo Portillo, to the position of chief of police. Bravo Portillo was assassinated by the syndicalists. The Romanones Ministry resigned.

The third case was that of the "lockout." The Sanchez-Toca Ministry ordered the lockout to cease and undertook legal measures to enforce arbitration of the industrial struggle in Catalonia. The *juntas* declared for the employers, and prevented the Government's intervention. The Sanchez-Toca Ministry resigned on the ostensible issue of the budget. The lockout degenerated into a war of extermination by murder, conducted by syndicalists with great success against employers, and by employers with some success against labor leaders.

The fourth case was that of the "scab" officers, expelled from the army by courts of honor for protesting against the attitude of the *juntas* in the present industrial struggle. The Government ordered the protesting officers reinstated. They were retried by courts of honor and re-expelled. The Government of Allende-Salazar acquiesced in the dismissal.

This helps to define the character and the limits of the situation in Spain. The seat of ultimate authority rests not with the King nor with the Ministry, nor yet with Parliament, but with the unions of army officers, who exert their power in secret ways and whose rule is wholly extra-legal. Spain is thus the best example of middle-class sovietism.

There are, however, two disquieting facts in this rule of the *juntas*. The first is that their strength rests on the presupposition that the rank and file of the army will obey orders. That even the *juntas* are not entirely certain of the validity of this premise, which the Saragossa mutiny has recently called in question, is obvious from the military policy in Barcelona. Sustaining the employers as against the Government, the *juntas* are careful to do nothing to arouse the population. They have not dared to exert real power against the syndicalists. The second fact is that the *juntas* today, just as in 1917, could go over to the revolution.

Mr. La Cierva's solution was to recognize the class struggle, to legalize frankly the actually dominant control of the army officers, put a military government behind the employers, and remove industrial anarchy by force. The Reformist and Republican solution was to assert parliamentary authority over the army, to enforce the law upon both syndicalists and employers, and to temporize with the industrial problem in Spain by legalizing syndicalist organization and compelling adjustments of labor disputes.

The doubtful element in Mr. La Cierva's program was its practicability. That it might be desirable to shoot a few hundred labor leaders in Spain and imprison a few thousand others, no respectable business man could deny. But who, exactly, was to do the shooting? And would such drastic methods kill or stimulate labor unrest? The radical program of Mr. Melquiades Alvarez or Mr. Lerroux might also involve chaos. If the *juntas* should stand out against a Republican or Reformist Ministry, the only recourse would be to appeal to the army against the officers, an appeal that would have to be carried by way of the proletariat. And was there in Spain, in such a case, a man or an institution strong enough to fix the limit to which such a turmoil might go?

While the situation, a few weeks ago, seemed hopelessly deadlocked, the railroad strike intervened to divert attention from the lawlessness in Catalonia to the more moderately inclined agitation in the rest of Spain. Mr. La Cierva was shrewd enough to assume a liberal position on the question of the strike settlement, and thus prepare the road for a *rapprochement* between the conflicting parliamentary groups. It is well to bear in mind certain definite tendencies in Spanish society. The most important of these is the growth of socialistic trade unionism in all of Spain south of the Ebro, and the evolution of Catalonian syndicalism away from the ideas of Bakunin and Kropotkin, towards those of Jouhaux and the French National Economic Council. The second is the powerful influence that British liberalism has been exerting on the Spanish middle classes. These tendencies have enabled all the elements of "law and order" more or less consciously to consolidate, and find, even, a basis of vitality for the spiritually defunct parties of the Right. With Reformism showing more clearly its conservative essence and with the false issue of republicanism superseded, radical ideas in Spain are freer to express themselves through Socialist agitation. The clearer definition of issues, to which the Socialist municipal victories have also noticeably contributed, tends to stabilize conditions for the moment. And the proof is that Mr. Dato, one of the "Big Six," again ventures to assume a ministry which for over a year has been by common consent relegated to sub-lieutenants of the real leaders. The *juntas* meanwhile can afford to be calm. For it is only in moments of crisis that the real authority in Spain is obliged to assert itself.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter may go abroad yet this summer, on a commission basis. For rumor and common sense have it that a very good line just now is stars and garters. The exchange being what it is, noble orders can probably be bought for a song. It stands to reason that with many new nations created in Europe (small nations, southern nations), many original vacancies (handsome vacancies, spangled vacancies) cry out to be filled. There may be a general inclination over there to lay down arms, but the Drifter gravely doubts whether there is any inclination to lay away medals and ribbons. Peace hath its comic opera no less than war. It stands equally to reason that with an austere republicanism prevailing between our oceans, there rise and fall great numbers of breasts which nature and the accidents of virtue have fitted for the purple and the silver and the gold. There the Drifter will come in, if he comes in at all. He will undertake to place in sixty or ninety days any American who makes an intelligent application for a noble order. Applications will be received from this date. Incidentally, encouragement for all may be found where the Drifter has found it, in the recent report that "President Harry Pratt Judson, of the University of Chicago, has been honored by the Prince Regent of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, who created him a Commander of the Order of St. Sava and conferred upon him the star of the order." Somewhere there must be a kingdom which would create Nicholas Murray Butler a Commander of the Order of the International Mind, and confer upon him the constellation of the order. And the Drifter would miserably fail if he uncovered nowhere any Order of St. Swithin which would create him (the Drifter) Commander of the Weather and Savior-Extraordinary Against a Rainy Day.

* * * * *

AFTER a Sunday of "Dardanella," rendered variously on three phonographs, two player-pianos, and one banjo, the Drifter has hardly the strength to animadvert as he would like on the noble music of Haydn's Austrian National Hymn. When Columbia University, in 1917, discarded Haydn in favor of the milk-and-water tune of a professor of music, the only stirring moment in Columbia's opening exercises was lost; now the Austrians have abolished the old hymn in favor of a piece with words by Chancellor Renner (who has since resigned, though whether as a result of the words one does not know) and music by Kienzl. How Haydn and Wagner and a score of other ancients must be laughing at us foolish ones! The tide of war leaves no more futile wreckage than this. Meanwhile, although we do without "Tristan" and Yale changes the music of "Bright College Years" because it happens also to be that of "Die Wacht am Rhein," there is always "Dardanella."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Where the Liberty Bond Money Went

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent editorial you mention casually that our Government furnished to the Polish Government some $1,700,000,000 in war supplies. For these supplies, you state, the Wilson Administration accepted $400,000,000 in Polish Government notes, which I presume have an exchange value that can be best expressed in terms of Confederate money. The supplies, however, were originally paid for in real cash raised in Liberty Loans to make the world safe for democracy. I wonder whether the Liberty Bonds standing in the name of my five-year-old son represent munitions used by Mr. Baker's Polish allies to destroy the beautiful Vladimir Cathedral in Kiev, or merely to blow up the aqueduct, thus cleverly leaving horrors and epidemics behind them. Can *The Nation* solve my doubt? I want my boy to grow up with a memory of proper pride in his first investment in patriotism.

New York, June 14 K.

The Bombardment of Briey

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial paragraph on page 412 of Volume CX, No. 2857, published under the date of April 3, 1920, you state: "The great steel furnaces of the Briey Basin, operated by the Germans during their occupancy, lay within easy range of French guns for four years." Will you kindly let me know what French guns were within easy range of any of the great steel furnaces in the Briey Basin?

I venture to say that if there were any guns that could reach any of those furnaces they were only the railroad guns and that the dispersion from their fire would be so great that their effectiveness was questionable. So far as aeroplane bombing is concerned, I question how much it could have accomplished with the planes available and the fight that German planes were certain to give. An important point for bombing which lay towards the steel furnaces was Longuyon, a large railroad junction. During a sojourn in Longuyon a few weeks after the armistice, I made inquiry as to the damage done by bombing and was informed that only once did any bomb do any real harm. This one hit a car of a munitions train just at the time when some soldiers, who had been on leave, were detraining, resulting in the destruction of the train and the killing and wounding of a number of German soldiers. Although there had been some American artillery fire by long range guns on Longuyon, no substantial damage had been done.

New York, May 25 HERBERT PARSONS

[The *Journal Officiel*, the official bulletin of the French government, for February 1, 1919, records the debate in the French Chamber when M. Fernand Engerand, conservative (group "Action Liberale") deputy from Calvados; M. Ernest Flandin, "Republican Progressive" (also Conservative) deputy from Calvados, and M. Edouard Barthe, moderate Socialist deputy from the Herault, in turn exposed the facts. They are also related with more journalistic color in M. Gustave Téry's book, "Briey." The debate in the Chamber led to the appointment of a commission which held a series of hearings which lasted into the summer of 1919. The revelations created a sensation at the time, and the essential facts were never seriously controverted. Even during the war M. Engerand had protested in *Le Correspondant* and *L'Echo de Paris*, and M. Henry Bérenger, senator, had done the same in *Paris-Midi*, as had M. Téry in *L'Œuvre*. Their statements were contradicted in *Le Temps* by one Max Hochschiller, who turned out to be the son of an Austrian father and a Russian mother and whose alleged facts—that the Briey mines were not working—were untrue. Joeuf in the Briey basin was bombarded between November 22, 1916, and February 19, 1917, by 230 aeroplanes in forty expeditions, but prior to November 22, 1916, no attempt was made to bombard them, and in February General Guillaumat was ordered by General Nivelle to cease bombarding them. There are more startling facts hidden in the records of the Briey debates; they may be found in the *Journal Officiel* for January 24, February 1 and 8, 1919, and in the records of the Briey hearings.—EDITOR.]

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Achievement

By FLORENCE JENNEY

When my young Soul went first to ride
And take the air,
I stitched a gown of finest words
For her to wear,
Lacy-white, and ribbon-tied
With doting care.

When next my Soul fared out, she wore
Plain garb and grey;
Close-buttoned from her chin to feet
She rode away;
Behind a double-bolted door
Her finery lay.

Now, when my Soul rides out, I fold
With strictest care
Each slightest garment stern away,
And loose her hair;
Godiva-shy, Godiva-bold,
She takes the air.

Books

Anglo-Saxon Adventures in Verse

A Miscellany of British Poetry, 1919. Edited by W. Kean Seymour. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
Georgian Poetry, 1918-1919. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Others for 1919. An Anthology of the New Verse. Edited by Alfred Kreymborg. Nicholas L. Brown.
Picture-Show. By Siegfried Sassoon. E. P. Dutton and Company.
Argonaut and Juggernaut. By Osbert Sitwell. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Dark Wind. By W. J. Turner. E. P. Dutton and Company.
The Queen of China and Other Poems. By Edward Shanks. Alfred A. Knopf.
Europe: A Book for America. By Samuel Roth. Boni and Liveright.
A Canticle of Pan and Other Poems. By Witter Bynner. Alfred A. Knopf.
Many Many Moons. By Lew Sarett. With an Introduction by Carl Sandburg. Henry Holt and Company.
The Golden Whales of California, and Other Rhymes in the American Language. By Vachel Lindsay. The Macmillan Company.
Poems. By T. S. Eliot. Alfred A. Knopf.

THE forty-four British poets who make up the "Miscellany" of Mr. Seymour and the fourth Georgian volume present a front of accomplishment which differs from that presented by the Americans in Mr. Kreymborg's third "Others" chiefly in the respects of homogeneity and convention. Diverse in temperament as these forty-four may be, and free of the past as some of them may think they are, there is never any doubt that it is a single set of islands they inhabit, and there is never any mistaking their attachment to a poetical tradition—the richest, perhaps, in the world, but still a tradition. There is a sobriety which they do not escape, a thoughtfulness, a warm-heartedness, a right-mindedness conducting to moral endings, and not infrequently a melodious dulness. It is necessary to be cautious at this point, and to remember that the two volumes have ignored by design the more turbulent elements in modern British verse; after all, it is only "the choicest cullings from the contemporary muse" that the publishers of "Georgian Poetry" have been after; there are coteries in London and at the universities which despise the roseleaf Georgians, as there are anthologists in America who would take a step beyond the modest Miss Rittenhouse; yet here these qualities are, needing large but not radical modification to stand true for current verse in Britain generally. Of the two anthologies, "Georgian Poetry" not only is the thicker and heavier with traditional sweets, but also is the more interesting where novelties are involved. Certain poets have contributed to both: W. H. Davies, a twentieth-century Herrick with a streak of the sinister; John Drinkwater, clear as a cardinal bird in song; and Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, essentially unoriginal now as always. Laurence Binyon's cool and soothing moral perceptions distinguish the "Miscellany" somewhat; but the "Georgian Book" enjoys advantages in Lascelles Abercrombie's explicit, wine-dark cruelties, in Gordon Bottomley's picture-thickened blank verse, in Walter de La Mare's minuteness and tenderness of concentration, and in John Freeman's clean-lipped exaltation.

Mr. Kreymborg, always radical, has achieved an extraordinary diversity in this the best of his collections to date by introducing, alongside of his dadaists, his frisking, fluttering nobodies, his limpid imps, his meditative madmen, his fiercely immoral and fishlike observers, a group of poets, some of them already well known, who strike the ear and eye with a force not met with anywhere in the British volumes. The total range of these forceful ones is very wide. Between Evelyn Scott, with her Baudelairean accuracy and deadliness of tantrum, and Robert Frost, with his huge yet exquisite naturalness, there is as wide a difference as there is between a splendidly ripened pomegranate, shedding endless seeds, and a sound, crisp russet apple. Both are geniuses; both are utterly unlike and outside the English mode. Conrad Aiken's pain-swept nuances begin the book on a note that every succeeding poet deserts in his own way. Here are Carl Sandburg and Witter Bynner and Vachel Lindsay. Here for the first time is Haniel Long, showing, in Students, an impressive spareness and poise and importance of observation. Here are vivid gifts being directed with powerful push and reach towards an almost bewildering variety of ends.

Push and reach are virtues no longer assignable to Mr. Sassoon and Mr. Sitwell, two comparatively new arrivals upon the British scene who have made their hits with satire. Mr. Sassoon seemed to be striking an important note when he turned the dirtier surfaces of war to the light; and Mr. Sitwell's contempt for profiteers and their wives has not been unrefreshing. But the armistice is nearly two years old now; no one thinks of loving the profiteers; and poetry is ready to be approached more or less upon the level of its citizen merits. Mr. Sassoon makes little impact there. He knows the secret of the clean pentameter, he is distinct and clever and casual; yet there exists no feelable personality behind his lines. It is not required that he have intellectual drive or spiritual mounting-power; it merely is required that he show some sort of intellectual edge and awareness. He does that nowhere in "Picture Show." The title poem brings the melancholy Jacques only feebly up to date, while many of the pieces are incontestably, boyishly banal. Mr. Sitwell, of the anti-Georgian "Wheels," is more industriously and elaborately but not more effectively than Mr. Sassoon an iconoclast. He opens his volume with a manifesto in favor of a new God whom he does not make very real. As a satirist, and he is nothing if not a satirist, he never is vivid; he nowhere bites or breaks. His contempt for bourgeois society amounts to fury, but the weapon he draws has not the point for cracking and penetrating convention's tough old hide. His abuse is oratorical in its plenitude, oratorical and round and blunt. He by no means has mastered the indirectness, the cut, the slant, the side-sweep, the poetry of satire.

A much more interesting and, to judge by the results, a much more important species of British endeavor is that which has been made by Mr. Turner and Mr. Shanks. Their large aim

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has been not to hack and slash the face of earth and heaven into new forms but to recover forms of beauty from tradition and newly mould them. Both are immature, and fail to accomplish a great deal; but both have consistently and painfully tried. Mr. Turner possesses, simultaneously with the knack of astonishing, the knack of cloying and blurring. He is intoxicated with exotic masses and meanings. He is mad over the more luxurious colors, purple, gold, and cream. His imagination is pleased to rest in a tropical midnight, to saturate itself in steams and poisons; or else to bathe in a Greek hill-moon, while sunlight splashes on shepherd shoulders. He has visual genius; his images expand in the mind's eye. Yet, once he has created a scene, he does nothing with it. He has not the firmness to finish what he gloriously begins. There is excellent soil in his hot-house, but no gardener.

Mr. Shanks's volume, though imperfect, too, is the most engaging that has come out of England recently. The air it breathes, far from being spongy-thick like Mr. Turner's, has remarkable purity and spring. A lucid, native generosity about the author's habits of thought encourages a quality which few poets really and permanently have: grace. Mr. Shanks's songs have both an Elizabethan and a twentieth-century buoyancy. His sonnets are frankly Shakespearean, like many in England today, yet their naturalness makes them anything but anachronisms. His observation of nature is as sober and sunny and simple as Wordsworth's; The Storm, On Holmbury Hill, and Clouds give tranquil glimpses into classic, shining landscapes. The Fireless Town is an extremely interesting failure in the narrative way. It represents a youthful attempt to write like Keats after Keats had grown up and begun to write like Dryden. Its heroic couplets admit triplets, Alexandrines, and cool old poetic diction at the same time that they fret under a feverish boy-psychology. The high moments have been handled cleverly, but all differently, and all with a laughable self-consciousness. Burlesque, conscious and unconscious, mixes with a mawkish paganism to produce a story impossible to the layman yet intriguing to the student of poetic effort.

America breaks violently with the Old World in Mr. Roth's hard-hitting, free-verse "Europe," a protracted exclamation against both the Great War and the Great Peace. Paradoxically enough, the voice which here renounces ruined Europe is not a new one; it is the voice of deathless Israel, of the "vision that leaned out of the skies of Canaan." The prophets have fled the sands and broken cedars of the East for the oaks and rocks of a new shore. "Today the world is America." Now is the time to forget the wilderness where wanders the ghost of Charlemagne and build a brand-new, base-ball, foot-ball, boxing race of men. Mr. Roth does not say all this as greatly as Emerson and Whitman did, but he says it with a bitterish, Old Testament concreteness that will hold some ears a good while.

Mr. Sarett's departure is into ethnography. He has exploited the modern Indian of the north woods, the half-savage who remembers his race's past while he lives the life of its conqueror, who walks between the totem and the barber poles of culture, who prays for rain in a derby hat. Mr. Sarett's energy is of delivery rather than of creation. Except for four admirable sheets of images from drought and deluge in Rain Song, he is big and strenuous at the expense of magic. Noise clearly is his forte; heap big Indian talk is his best line. The pale-face stanzas which attempt quieter and tenderer sorts of interpretation are vacant and over-facile in their faith.

Heaven, hell, the Congo, Springfield, Wichita—from gorgeously exploiting all these places, Mr. Lindsay has come at last to the Golden Gate and the city of St. Francis. There is an impression abroad that "The Golden Whales" falls a little below "General William Booth," "The Congo," and "The Santa Fe Trail." It does do that; yet it stands well up among Mr. Lindsay's better poems, which is to say, among the better poems of contemporary America. The old familiar furore rules again:

> The whales of California wallow and roll.
> They dive and breed and snort and play
> And the sun struck feed them every day
> Boatloads of citrons, quinces, cherries,
> Of bloody strawberries, plums and beets,
> Hogsheads of pomegranates, vats of sweets. . . .
>
> And the hot whales slosh and cool in the wash
> And the fume of the hollow sea.
> Rally and roam in the loblolly foam
> And whoop that their souls are free. . . .

If there seems too much of California here, the rest of the volume is hot and various. Mr. Lindsay's powers in general do not fail; he continues to see life in heightened colors and to hear it in heightened rhythms; now, as always, each of his days flashes on his eye like Aurora Borealis, and clangs in his ear like a big brass band. John L. Sullivan, the Strong Boy of Boston, and Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan reconstruct, better perhaps than any history will ever do, the pugilistic and political popular madnesses of the 1890's; as The Statue of Old General Jackson recreates a long dead style of hero-worship. The Eyes of Queen Esther is a triumph of another sort, wherein the poet, stanza by stanza, stroke by stroke, tempers and turns a beautiful image of Esther's steadfast, king-melting purity. Shantung is a profound and dramatic brief for unkillable China, swallower-up of young and impudent peoples in dust and worms and incense. The Daniel Jazz is Scripture hugely syncopated for children; while For All Who Ever Sent Lace Valentines, concerning the youngest who love, summons up everybody's past and sets a particularly human seal on a particularly human book.

Mr. Bynner's latest volume proves, among other things, that there are limits beyond which Mr. Bynner cannot be said to gain by experimentation. It is pretty clear that the Canticles included here, of Pan, of Bacchus, and of Praise, have led him out of his province. Built by nature to run a prettier race than Percy Mackaye is in the habit of running, he has ventured somewhat unhappily upon the broad, loose field of that masquer's balladry. Nor has he the lung and thigh to be a capering calliope on the order of Mr. Lindsay. Mr. Lindsay would have done better by Liège than this:

> Their home and your home, well you all know it—
> You hear it in the echo of a Belgian poet.

Not that Mr. Bynner has a still, small voice; not that he is a little poet; but he is most himself and most happy when he is working in established, or at least in well-knit, rhythms and moods. As a singer, as an occasional poet, as an adapter from the Chinese, as a sketcher of character, he shows himself throughout the bulk of the present volume to be sensible, musical, smooth, frank, hearty, affectionate, and humane; with only two possible enemies, Facility and Versatility. His publisher has produced him in a form that does both American poetry and American publishing handsome credit.

But the most amazing man is T. S. Eliot, whose first formally collected volume, long awaited by those who think they recognize downright, diabolical genius when they see it, is distinctly and preciously an event. It is not known how long the author of The Hippopotamus, Sweeney Among the Nightingales, The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock, Rhapsody on a Windy Night, and The Boston *Evening Transcript* will remain in England, whither he went two years ago to set up as a critic. Whatever happens, it is hoped that he keeps somehow to poetry. For he is the most proficient satirist now writing in verse, the uncanniest clown, the devoutest monkey, the most picturesque ironist; and aesthetically considered, he is one of the profoundest symbolists. His sympathy and his vision travel together, striking like bitter lightning here, flowering damply and suddenly like mushrooms there. Three extracts from the twenty-four poems are not enough, but must do:

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I.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

II.

Half-past two,
The street-lamp said,
"Remark the cat which flattens itself in the gutter,
Slips out its tongue
And devours a morsel of rancid butter."
So the hand of the child, automatic,
Slipped out and pocketed a toy that was running along the quay.
I could see nothing behind that child's eye.
I have seen eyes in the street
Trying to peer through lighted shutters,
And a crab one afternoon in a pool,
An old crab with barnacles on his back,
Gripped the end of a stick which I held him.

III.

They are rattling breakfast plates in basement kitchens,
And along the trampled edges of the street
I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids
Sprouting despondently at area gates.

The brown waves of fog toss up to me
Twisted faces from the bottom of the street,
And tear from a passer-by with muddy skirts
An aimless smile that hovers in the air
And vanishes along the level of the roofs.

Mr. Eliot will never be popular at this rate. But when will he not have readers? M. V. D.

The Pageant of French Poetry

The Modern Book of French Verse. Edited by Albert Boni. Boni and Liveright.

Fleur-de-lys. A Book of French Verse Freely Translated. By Wilfrid Thorley. Houghton Mifflin Company.

FRENCH poetry has been supremely happy in its English translators. This is no accident. To render French verse into English is to meet but rarely those difficulties which a subtle craftsmanship cannot overcome. An almost certain beauty of result is at once temptation and reward. Practically all French poetry flows easily into the simpler English iambic rhythms; the feminine rhymes may be and are generally disregarded; except in a few moderns the stanzaic patterns are neither intricate nor unfamiliar. But there are deeper reasons. On one whole side of its development the artistic moods of English poetry are identical with those of French. In both the stuff of experience is, by a long tradition, strained through the sieve of the neo-classical culture of the Renaissance before it reaches expression. It is transposed into the terms of an imaginative convention before the poet permits himself to speak. Revolt against this convention has been more stirring and more successful in England than in France. Nor have the tunes of folk-poetry ever quite died in Britain; they were reawakened by Scotch singers in the late eighteenth and by Irish singers in the late nineteenth century. In France, on the contrary, no note from the lovely *chansons populaires* penetrated beyond the serried ballades, rondeaux, and virelays that arose with Eustache Deschamps and Charles d'Orléans. Despite this difference the practice of formal poetry, of the poetic art esteemed by the learned and polite, has been, until but the other day, the same on both sides of the Channel. The poets of both nations drew upon a common stock of poetic memories and images. They shared the Neoplatonic and the widely ramified pastoral tradition, as well as the tendency in individual cases—Wordsworth's Laodamia and Régnier's and Samain's classicizing poems are cases in point—to return from revolt and innovation to the moods of the consecrated past.

Nor is this all. Within its well-guarded frontiers of form and method French poetry has kept its substance temperate and serene. There is no transcendent masterpiece. No Divine Comedy or Faust lures the translator to an irresistible and hopeless quest. The purely lyric cry is rare. And it is noteworthy that the poets who possess it, Hugo and Musset, have been least happily rendered. There is no excess of emotion and no speed of movement. Gravity, tenderness, sweetness (*douceur*), an elegiac charm—these are the qualities, allowing for all inevitable differences, of both Ronsard and Régnier. Intellectual passion will at times assume, as in Leconte de Lisle's sad and majestic Dies Iræ, a high energy. But it is the energy of perfect eloquence rather than of perfect poetry. Not only for Gautier, furthermore, but for nearly all the poets of France, the visible world has existed. They write objectively and for the eye. From Chénier's carved idyls to Samain's "Au flancs du vase" they evoke images that are like statues set in sunlight. No verses that express more closely this side of the historic temper of French poetry have been written than Régnier's Le Secret. To soothe my sadness, the poet says, speak not of the shades of love or pride or hope; speak of the sun and trees and fountains, of luminous sea and shadowy forest,

Car la forme, l'odeur et la beauté des choses
Sont le seul souvenir dont on ne souffre pas.

The symbolists and post-symbolists shattered the old forms and turned their vision inward. But Verlaine, whose medieval soul uttered such piercing sighs, and Jammes, with his brave rudeness of manner, and Paul Fort, with his occasional realism of substance, are all three a little isolated. The majority of the symbolists as well as such later innovators of poetic form as Spire, Vildrac, Duhamel, and Romains are temperate and tender and grave, and rarely attain a height of ecstasy or of incommunicable vision which the translator cannot reach. Thus French poetry has been well translated not only because it is closely akin to all that is formal and aristocratic and traditional in our own, but because its demands have never been excessive. No lover of this beautiful art will fail to echo in a very definite sense the proud words of Du Bellay: "France, mère des arts!" But if his critical faculty is awake and capable of an objective judgment he must add Matthew Arnold's line:

France, famed in all great arts, in none supreme.

The wealth of material at Mr. Boni's command must have made his editorial task a pleasure as it has undoubtedly made the resultant book invaluable. He had Chaucer and Spenser to draw upon, Swinburne, Rossetti and John Payne, J. A. Symonds and Wilde, Dobson and Henley, O'Shaughnessy, Dowson, and J. E. Flecker. Above all, he was able to include thirty-seven of the incomparably limpid translations of Andrew Lang and fifty-three marvelously sensitive ones by Arthur Symons. In future editions, however, Mr. Boni should fill a few very obvious gaps. He gives us but a single poem between Philip Desportes who died in 1606 and Corneille who was born in that year. Specimens are needed of at least Malherbe, Mathurin Regnier, and the admirable Voiture. Among the moderns Mr. Boni has missed the perfect versions of Baudelaire's Le Balcon and Harmonie du Soir in Lord Alfred Douglas's "The City of the Soul," and he has strangely and needlessly omitted Verhaeren. His selections from the symbolists, finally, are a little scrappy and wilful and he has printed two versions (Dowson's on page 193 and Symons's on page 216) of Verlaine's Spleen.

Mr. Wilfrid Thorley has independently translated three hun-

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dred poems covering the history of French verse from the twelfth century to almost the present day. His skill is extraordinary and his inspiration not infrequent. Throughout the poems of the earlier centuries he has used the corresponding English speech and spelling of the period with a quaint and appropriate richness of effect. He shows excellent literary tact, as in his reduction of the twenty-one stanzas of Malherbe's Consolation à M. du Périer to ten, and a technical flexibility that serves him charmingly when he renders verses by Voltaire into the speech and rhythm of Prior. There is perhaps no version in his book that is not accomplished poetry, and he has an especial richness, ease, and sonorousness in handling the frequent sonnet form. He is less happy when he rebuilds poems, as he did in the case of Verlaine's Chanson d'Automne and Rodenbach's En Province. The wavering rhythms of the moderns do not suit him so well and his versions suffer by comparison with those of Arthur Symons, as others do inevitably when placed beside those of Andrew Lang. Mr. Thorley's most striking contributions to our wealth of verse translated from the French consist of his happy renderings of the less considered work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and of his versions of Gérard de Nerval's exquisitely plaintive Les Cydalises, the rippling stanzas of Banville's moving A la Font-Georges, and Baudelaire's great and morbid La Géante. These he is the first to have done and there is no reason why they should ever be done again. But it is his whole book that places Mr. Thorley definitely in the front rank of those artists among whom he wishes to be counted.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Modern China

Modern China, A Political Study. By Sih-gung Cheng. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

THE root of every difficulty which confronts the political reformer in the East is the unbroken custom that has always prevailed of accepting law and order from above. Freeman pointed out a half-century ago the basic contrast between Asiatic and European ideas of government, the one being autocratic and the other legal. Our fathers before us have endured despots in plenty, but their breed was not that of the Asiatic autocrat whose authority transcends human laws. In Asia, excepting those states where religious institutions controlled the sovereign power, no country has ever passed beyond the stage where the law has been modified and applied at the instance of the ruler. It is necessary to understand this fundamental difference between the two halves of civilized mankind in order to grasp the change that must be wrought in the very fiber of the Asiatic before he can modify his social fabric in accordance with our conceptions of conduct and control. Mr. Cheng asserts that the classical ideals of government in China have much to recommend them, but as their observance depends upon the personal character of the sovereign the government of the country has always oscillated between two extremes, great efficiency and great corruption. He might have used the same words to describe the history of every country of Asia from the time of Sargon of Agade to Yuan Shih-kai. The troubles of this generation are not those of China alone, but of every land and people living outside of the control of the western Aryan race. A statement like this does not necessarily imply the superiority of one culture over another. The peoples of the East have secured as high an average of happiness and of comfort during the past twenty centuries as the peoples of the West. Comfort —mainly an economic condition—depends upon the realization of desire and is no measure of civilization. The test of relative values will be found in the ability of future generations to meet in competition for the rapidly decreasing world areas open for exploitation.

It is not in this, however, but in the ability of races hitherto untrained in processes of political readjustment to seek salvation by a stirring within the body politic, that a true comprehension of Asia's future lies. The problem is present in every part of the continent. In southern Asia European control is complete, and there the change must be dictated by experts from abroad; in western Asia there is as yet no progress to report; in Japan a physical rehabilitation has been secured under an autocracy nearly as absolute today as it was a century ago; we have yet to see what the common folk there will do when they abolish their throne. Thus far in Asia participation in government is unknown to any of its people. The question arises whether the great mass of its inhabitants as they now are actually want self-determination.

China's experience, then, is that of one group among many. Throughout their history, says Mr. Cheng, "the Chinese have created nothing like a direct participation in government, or even an indirect participation through elected representatives responsible to themselves. They revolt against tyrannical rulers, but they have no permanent safeguard to prevent the rulers from becoming tyrannical. There is nothing in the nature of self-government for the whole empire." He considers it "inexplicable that the Chinese should have remained content with a periodical oscillation in the efficiency of their government," but a broader survey of all those peoples whom we call Orientals would reveal the fact that their race experience has thus far shown them only one way out of anarchy and that is obedience to the authority of force. In the evolution of political philosophy this is as far as their intellectual leaders have ever advanced. They remain in a stage as remote from ours as the days of King Ahasuerus. There are, of course, compensations which raise the Chinese above the level of their neighbors; their freedom from bigotry, their integrity, their adaptability combine to make them excellent material for political regeneration. Yet the fact must be kept in mind that, like all other Asiatics, they cannot today understand even the language of democracy as we use it. Authority to them comes from the head, not the body. They may not love the head of the state personally, but he is inevitable; they feel about him as Voltaire felt about God —"If he didn't exist one would have to be invented." When the revolutionists of 1911 concocted a constitution there was no debate, as in the formation of the American and French republics, about concentrating power in the hands of a single executive. As Mr. Cheng puts it: "Republicanism is alien to the Chinese tradition and a collective executive would probably make the alienation more marked. For centuries the Chinese have been ruled by a single emperor. To the bulk of them it is intelligible that they should be ruled by one man, whether he is called emperor or president." The president, it will be noticed, is thought of as a ruler, not as chief executive, and this was the idea that brought Yuan Shih-kai into trouble.

Until a respect for law has become an acquired habit and the populace understands its responsibility in the conduct of government it is hard to see how the Chinese are going to accommodate their minds to a reversal of their ancient practices. We do not have to speculate very profoundly to realize the application of this generalization to the prospect in China today. The friction incidental to such a great change would be alarming enough, but there are underlying difficulties. Mr. Cheng's book furnishes abundant examples of what happens to people who have long since surrendered their primitive turbulent freedom for a life of peace and labor under a common master. The subject has no concern in his own government, he is only a unit in a vast aggregation, there is no atmosphere of criticism and debate leading to reasonable conclusions as in true democracies; he waits for a leader, but, because his institutions offer no training in politics, no leaders appear who understand anything but brute force, and the brute who survives as chief at the end of the carnage is gladly obeyed for the sake of peace. This has been the vicious circle endured by a hundred generations of Chinese. The average peasant there will still exercise his right of revolt when existence becomes unendurable, but "he has no

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notion that he has the power to determine what kind of laws and administration he should get or how to vote for someone who will represent his interest." Military preparation is necessary to protect the country from attack and preserve its integrity against harpy Powers, but when no precedent exists for raising armies except to support rival aspirants for the supreme position bandit captains will employ the ignorant multitude and the armaments already purchased for their own ends before the constitutional authority can save itself. Before China can enjoy the full dignity of autonomy under representative institutions it is necessary that she should escape from the bonds of extra-territorial rights, but before these can be abolished her codes and courts and prisons must be so reconstructed that Europeans can trust their nationals to them; this is not possible until the people as a whole are determined to guarantee judicial efficiency. Now the very symbol of the proletariat in the China of the past has been the Prophet's "All we like sheep have gone astray"; people normally are certain to be dishonest, and it is the shepherd alone who keeps them from going astray. Democracy disposes of the shepherd and gives control over to the sheep. How can corruption be checked by the source of corruption? The vicious circle again.

Reflections like these occupy one's mind on reading Mr. Cheng's praiseworthy attempt to "give a true picture of things in the Far East and to suggest constructive schemes for every subject touched upon." His candor and his optimism are alike admirable. There is the note of youth in his exposition which experience will modify. He admits the defects of China, but contemplates them with courage not despair. The fact that so many of his young countrymen are returning to China with sane and reasonable views like his is in itself an encouragement to those who hope for her welfare. Some of these returned students, perhaps many of them, will become entangled in the toils of partisanship and graft and disappoint the expectations of their friends; but the leader of a new type, one with modern education and moral strength, will in time appear with power sufficient to rescue his country from predatory neighbors, from bandit chiefs who paralyze her efforts at internal reform, and from the welter of ignorance which is the heritage of ancient tradition and misrule. The task calls for a man of genius—not a group or party, for the Asiatic, though loyal, does not quicken to slogans. Though we need not despair of China it is idle to ignore the enormous difficulties that must be overcome before a majority of her people can be trained to abandon old ideas and accept institutions evolved by alien races utterly differing from them in inherited culture. Mr. Cheng's survey is admirable as an introduction to the study of a great subject. As a plain statement of political conditions by one who speaks for China his little volume is the most satisfactory contribution to our understanding of her problem that has appeared since the revolution.

FREDERICK W. WILLIAMS

The New Realism and the Old

Mrs. Warren's Daughter. By Sir Harry Johnston. The Macmillan Company.

Richard Kurt. By Stephen Hudson. Alfred A. Knopf.

THE new realism is personal and discursive; it is a blend of gossip and philosophy; it makes a great display of a fresh and immediate reaction to the men and things of its time and gives the narrator all the privileges of the essayist and the writer of memoirs. Its method if not its spirit is as old as Fielding; it reentered English literature with Samuel Butler, was popularized by H. G. Wells, and is today—if we except the ultra-impressionists—the last word in the technique of the art of fiction. The old realism, the method of Flaubert is, as everyone knows, impassive, impersonal, and severe. It demands a seamless surface and the highest objectivity not only in fact but in appearance. No one has carried the methods of the new realism farther than Sir Harry Johnston; no more interesting example of the old realism has appeared for some time than the first book of Mr. Stephen Hudson.

Sir Harry is growing a little reckless and impish in the pursuit of his methods. There was an "at home" at the Rossiters, and among those present were not only Miss Knipper-Totes and Lady Dombey, but also Professor Ray Lankester and Mr. and Mrs. Gosse. He is also growing romantic and rash. The adventures of Vivie Warren, masquerading as David Williams, consoling the father of the real and deceased David, and finally becoming a busy barrister-at-law, are frankly absurd. Nothing carries them off except Sir Harry's pleasant persuasions and pungent comments. But it is not playing fair with the privileges of the novelist as *raconteur* to use a pleasant wit and a rich personality to palm off on us romantic yarning. The hypnosis of modernity is strong. Sir Harry talks with such offhand and ingratiating familiarity of experiments on the motor biallaxis of dormice, of Mrs. Pankhurst, and of the dinner which the Rossiters gave at the Ritz the other day, that few readers will question the credibility of his incidents. Yet the central one is not only a little wild in itself, but quite out of line with that Vivie Warren whom Shaw sent forth into the world in 1897. That Vivie was fated, on the other hand, to play a strong and prominent part in the woman's movement was more than reasonable. It was equally reasonable that as she matured and mellowed she should seek out her mother again and thus be caught in the German occupation of Belgium in 1914. These facts widen the range of Sir Harry's comments upon his own age; these comments are full of dry, light, caustic asides and touches of priceless good sense. The novel, as such, also grows more luminous on its imaginative side, and one is touched and convinced by the long-enduring love and late union of Michael Rossiter and Vivie Warren. It remains true, none the less, that "Mrs. Warren's Daughter" illustrates the quite violent irresponsibility that is among the inherent possibilities of the new realism, and it remains true that Sir Harry Johnston would probably write more greatly and lastingly if he frankly gave us his unvarnished commentaries. In "The Gay-Dombey's" there was the high gusto and boyish delight of a gifted man's successful experiment in a new form of activity. His second book is notably less fresh and engaging.

Mr. Hudson is quite unconscious of the noisy and dazzling things that fill the day and die; he addresses himself with infinite quietude and patience to study and record the permanent foundations of human nature. In that aim and attitude consists, of course, the incomparable virtue of those who pursue the old realism. Their stories are quite as new as those told by their apparently busier and brighter colleagues, and they have a good chance of being not only far truer but true for a far longer time. "Richard Kurt" is very coolly and closely written, very exact and unemphatic, and quite long. The story is concerned with the rather uneventful life of an undistinguished and, if you will, somewhat worthless Englishman between the ages of twenty-seven and thirty-five. It records the gradual disintegration of his ill-considered marriage and his infatuation and swift disillusion with a remarkable Italian girl, Virginia Peraldi. We are given indirectly, and wholly through Richard's perceptions, presentations of his father and of Elinor, his wife, that are astonishingly penetrating in vision and concrete in effect. The minor characters, though less studiously elaborated, are no less complete. There is next to no action and there is a minimum of analysis. The people are projected by means of the daily unimportant things they do and say. By these accumulated details they give themselves away and finally either stand like Elinor, stripped and shivering in a supreme triviality, or else, like the elder Kurt, emerge wistfully and pathetically frustrate from that patient scrutiny. Mr. Hudson combines aloofness of attitude and a complete saturation with his subject. Rarely has a riper first novel appeared. It is solidly founded in its observation, built with a serene sureness of touch, careless of vain graces, disdainful of all appeals save that of its inner veracity.

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Books in Brief

"SOCIALISM VS. CIVILIZATION," by Boris Brasol (Scribners), is a labor-baiting book. It is an echo of the Lusk Committee, supplemented by a supposedly critical analysis of the fallacies of Marxian economics; and it falls in pat with the present "drive" to create a state of public mind hostile to unionism. Capitalistic production is pivoted upon the docility of labor. If labor is restless it is due to socialistic propaganda by professional fomenters of unrest—incendiaries like Robert Smillie in England and William Z. Foster in America—whose sole business is sabotage. Long an academic theory, socialism found in the destruction of war its great opportunity. It is the evil genius of unhappy times. Through the instrumentality of the labor unions it is now challenging the foundations of civilization, or capitalism, the two being synonymous terms. The rank and file of labor, contented and patriotic, are misled by despotic agitators, as witness the Seattle general strike, the steel strike, the coal strike, the Boston police strike, even the Plumb plan. In the main the workers have no serious cause for complaint. Some of the steel workers, for example, receive as high as $22,000 a year; others "have their own limousines" and presumably ride to work like ladies to their shopping. That greater success has not attended these communistic attacks is due to the patriotism of the American people. Fortunately Judge Gary took "a firm and wise stand" against "disloyal, anti-American, internationalist tendencies"; and it is a "hopeful" sign that a voluntary committee of business men "physically transported" Mr. Foster from Johnstown to prevent his speaking there. But the public as a whole must awake to the menace. The unions must have their teeth drawn by the outlawing of strikes in "key" industries, of picketing, and of disloyal propaganda; by the legal protection of scabs, the deportation of alien agitators, and the development of bonuses; by counter-propaganda; by education. In particular, "such periodicals as the *Nation*, the *Dial*, the *New Republic*, *Soviet Russia*, and the *Radical Review* deserve special attention"—presumably from Attorney General Palmer. Lieutenant Brasol is a super-patriot, serving the cause of toryism. A brief introduction by Professor Carver, of Harvard, is on an intellectual level with the body of the text.

THERE is much to engage our sympathy in the sufferings of the Russian aristocrats, among whom there were many who expiated sins for which the guilt belonged to others. If the conditions described by the Princess Cantacuzène (née Grant) in "Russian People" (Scribners) were typical, the revolution would indeed appear to have been a blind orgy of madmen. She tells not only of the charm and pleasantness of life for the masters on her family estate at Bouromka, but of the happiness and prosperity of the village under its patriarchal regime. Having long gazed upon life in its holiday attire, she may well sigh for the beauty and loveliness that have passed away. But it would be a mistake to regard her story as seriously contributing to our understanding of the revolution, if for no other reason than that her materials are obtained at second-hand and to a great extent from rumor. She still persists in explaining Lenin and Trotzky altogether in terms of German propaganda and German gold, and Denikin and Kolchak as irreproachable patterns of heroism. But painting in simple black-and-white is not her only limitation. She has a very cavalier manner of treating important occurrences. Should a student of history turn to the chapters on Kolchak in the hope of finding some light on the circumstances by which that unfortunate officer was elevated to the rank of Supreme Ruler, he would learn that "when the first All-Russian government fell, a new one replaced it, with Kolchak at its head. No one quite knew why, except that the ex-Admiral seemed the one man able to inspire confidence in all." A princess may feel superior to mere details and explanation, but does not her code at least demand a scrupulous regard for truth and fair play? After

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spreading large in her text the vile scandal about the communizing of women and children, is it quite the *amende honorable*, when everybody has become convinced of its falsehood, to append a footnote saying: "Since my article was published I have read that these laws were so unpopular that they had to be repealed"?

"SIGURD, Our Golden Collie" (Dutton) is sketched from a woman's point of view by Miss Katherine Lee Bates against a background of pink teas and adoring (female) freshmen. It is a tale "fit for the soft ears" of the dog's adorers. It may be that Miss Bates really understands dog nature, but she has not expressed it here. She has shared with Sigurd her sponge cake and fudge, and they have played together; but they have not worked together nor met any hardship. Though she has made count of the days of a noble creature, vivid, emotional, with an intelligence that belittles in comparison that of many human beings one could name, the story she has made might as well be that of a clever, handsome cat or a well-bred canary. If you know such a creature you need not idealize him by clothing him in fancies woven of folk-lore and the pathetic fallacy. "He opened our eyes," she says, "to a new vision of the most familiar things." But the vision came not through any understanding of the dog, for she goes on to say: "What we had considered merely gray squirrels were revealed through his glorious campaign against them as goblin banditti bent on insult and robbery." What Miss Bates considered goblin banditti, Sigurd probably pursued as unusually shifty rats. He dwells among women who are named to us as "Joy-of-Life," "Dryad," and "Daphne," who embellish him with yellow ribbon. But one cannot help feeling that his real life is elsewhere, represented in the book by lacunae; he is "missing" for so many hours, days, or nights, and all we are told of these excursions is that when he returns he must be fought off the blue sofa and given a bath and a fresh ribbon. One reads into this that his vivid life is lived apart from his biographer.

THE scholarly orderliness and completeness of Mr. Albert Schinz's "French Literature in the Great War" (Appleton) contrast glaringly with its temper. Nothing could be greater than his divisions or more useful than his bibliographical facts. His critical substance is wholly Tyrtæan and seems, like other and similar chants, a little vainly shrill today. Mr. Schinz is amazed at the "remarkable stubbornness of Romain Rolland" and is quite sure that "Le Feu" would have been suppressed—and a good job, too—if Malvy, the traitor, had not been Minister of the Interior. He implores France to avoid the sentimental socialism of Jaurès, the Utopian socialism based ultimately on the belief in man's moral power invested by the Prussian Kant, and the "unmanly sentimentality" of Bergsonian subjectivism, a philosophy "that Germany could wish France to cultivate." He approves, on the other hand, M. René Lote's exposures of Lessing's hitherto neglected motives for his attack on Corneille and his praise of Shakespeare, of the wicked delusion of a humane and European Goethe, and of the sinister designs of the German Romance philologists against the integrity of the Gallic race. Such succulent questions appeal more to Mr. Schintz than do the mere literary qualities of the books he has so carefully listed. He prefers polemics to poetry. Instead of writing the history of a literary movement which is memorable even if not great, he still is battering the Teutonic hordes with the familiar accumulation of civilian energy unspent on any other field.

THE key to Coulson Kernahan's "Swinburne as I Knew Him" (Lane) may be found in his allusion to Stevenson's petition to Henry James to "put him in" his "Literary Portraits." Mr. Kernahan's desire is obviously to be "put in" the gallery of Swinburne's friendships. The fact, however, is that his reminiscences are meager in the extreme. Of the few anecdotes which he retails, the sole one of interest, that on Watts-Dunton's patient and tactful method of weaning the poet away from brandy, goes back to a period long before Mr. Kernahan "knew him." The chapter on A. C. S. and R. L. S. is typical, consisting as it does merely of a letter on Stevenson already published in the correspondence edited by Gosse and Wise, with some very thin remarks upon Swinburne's and Stevenson's contrasting attitudes toward the sea. There is much good humor and kindliness in the book and a certain ability to exhibit the weaknesses of famous men without destroying the impression of their real greatness. Watts-Dunton is depicted as anxious, fussy, well-meaning, and infinitely patient in good works for the benefit of his difficult and eccentric housemate; Swinburne as restive under his friend's treatment, excitable, irritable, gushing, and aloof by turns. The four previously unpublished letters by Swinburne with which the book opens are of very little interest.

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International Relations Section

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The League of Nations and the Polish War

THE following text of the correspondence between Lord Robert Cecil and Lord Curzon relative to intervention by the League of Nations in the Polish offensive is reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian for* May 17.

MAY 3, 1920

DEAR LORD CURZON:

As Chairman of the Executive Committee of the League of Nations Union, I venture to draw your attention to the deplorable events now taking place in Central Europe. For months past, Poland has been notoriously preparing to attack Russia. As far as I can judge, the Soviet Government has made repeated and genuine offers of peace, which have been set aside on seemingly flimsy pretexts.

The result must be either a Polish success—which will only lead to reprisals later on—or a Polish failure, which may probably produce the disruption of Poland or its conquest by Russia. In either event, a very serious situation for the signatories of the Treaty of Versailles and the peace of Europe will have been produced. Nor is the situation improved by the fact that Poland has rendered her northern neighbors—Esthonia, Latvia, and especially Lithuania—bitterly hostile by her recent conduct.

In these circumstances it is regrettable that the machinery provided by Articles 11 and 17 of the Covenant of the League of Nations should not have been utilized; and I venture to express the hope that an immediate meeting of the Council of the League may be summoned at the instance of the British Government to deal with the situation.

Yours obediently,
ROBERT CECIL

FOREIGN OFFICE, MAY 11, 1920

MY DEAR CECIL:

Mr. Bonar Law's reply to Captain Benn in the House of Commons yesterday will have given you an indication of the Government's attitude on the League of Nations and the Polish offensive which you raise in your letter to me of May 3.

Our information does not at all support the view that "for months past Poland has been notoriously preparing to attack Russia." Until quite recently there has been no evidence to show that the Poles have been contemplating an offensive against Russia; we have every reason to believe that their endeavors to open peace negotiations were genuine. They were only abandoned when the Poles became aware that the Bolsheviks were concentrating opposite their front a large supply of guns and material captured from General Denikin's army. The Polish Government not unnaturally looked on this as a proof that the Bolsheviks' peaceful intentions were not genuine. I would also remind you that the Bolsheviks asked the Poles to choose a place for the negotiations and then rejected it when chosen.

In any case, this episode does not constitute an outbreak of war; it is merely a phase of a war which has been going on for some time and has not yet been terminated. I do not see how we can invoke the intervention of the League of Nations to check an offensive by the Poles in the course of their conflict with the Bolsheviks. We told them that his Majesty's Government could offer them no advice, and that they must choose peace or war on their own responsibility. Having left them free to choose, I hardly think that it is open to us to attempt to repress their action when they have made their choice. Such an attempt would certainly be regarded as intervention in favor of the Bolsheviks and against our Allies—a result which it would be difficult to defend.

Even were such intervention desirable, it seems to me that the League of Nations (which cannot exercise its full powers until its Assembly has been convoked) would be in a very difficult position in any attempt to mediate between Poland and a Russian Government which does not recognize the League's authority.

There is one more point in your letter to which I should like to refer. You state that Poland has rendered Esthonia, Latvia, and especially Lithuania bitterly hostile by her recent conduct. There is undoubtedly great ill-feeling between Poland and Lithuania, but Esthonia and Latvia do not, so far as I know, regard Poland with hostility. Indeed, the Latvians appear recently to have refused to consent to a Russian proposal which, though advantageous to them, would have exposed the Polish left flank to Bolshevist attack.

Yours sincerely,
CURZON

MAY 13, 1920

DEAR LORD CURZON:

I am much obliged to you for your letter of the eleventh in reply to mine of the third. You say that your information does not at all support the view that for months past Poland has been notoriously preparing to attack Russia. May I call your attention to the fact that on the 10th January it was stated in a telegram from Warsaw, which appeared in the public press, that the Polish offensive of that date served the "purpose of feeling the nation's pulse with regard to the active continuation of the war against the Bolshevists in the spring." And it was added that, "judging from the Warsaw press, all the necessary enthusiasm for fresh ventures seems to exist." The news of the capture of Dvinsk was hailed with delight by all except the Socialists. It is spoken of openly as the first step to a new offensive.

There were other indications both in the English and French press of the same kind; and the League of Nations Union, in a document issued on the 4th February, stated that "there seems grave risk of a renewal of hostilities between some of the states bordering on Russia and the Soviet Government. Both sides fear, or profess to fear, attack by the other, and the Council of the League should lose no time in addressing a strong warning to all concerned."

Moreover, military authorities assure me that an attack such as that arranged by the Poles must have been the subject of prolonged preparation—a preparation about which I should have thought his Majesty's Government would have been informed. From this point of view it is immaterial whether or not the Soviet or the Polish Government were sincere in the recent negotiations for peace. Even assuming the negotiations were merely designed on one side or the other to cover preparations for war, surely that made it all the more important that the Council of the League should have intervened while there was yet time, in order to prevent the outbreak of active hostilities.

It may be true that the "episode" does not constitute an outbreak of war, but it certainly does mean the renewal of fighting with all its horrors.

It was precisely to prevent the nations settling their controversies by a resort to arms that the Covenant was entered into, and it is not, as I understand, disputed by the Government that the events which have taken place are clearly within Article 11 of that document.

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It is possible that to intervene now would be regarded by Poland as an unfriendly act, though events may show that intervention would be for her the truest kindness. But whether that be so or not does not alter the fact that in the earlier months of this year there was "a war or threat of war" which might have been brought before the Council of the League by the British Government and the opportunity for doing so was missed.

I am sure you will agree with me that in the economic conditions of that part of the world further fighting can only be regarded as a disaster. Unless the information which reaches me is entirely wrong the whole of that part of Eastern Europe is a prey to disease, starvation, and misery which has rarely been equaled in the history of the world.

Critics of the League will not unreasonably say that if it could not intervene to prevent an evil of these dimensions, of the occurrence of which it had full warning, its usefulness in the future is not likely to be great; and the growth of such an opinion would bring many of us into despair, and I venture to hope that even now something may be done to retrieve the position. If the Government feel that they are precluded from asking for intervention immediately, surely at the very least telegraphic instructions might be sent to our representative on the Council of the League now sitting that he should bring the whole matter before the Council and should urge that every preparation should be made to take action as soon as a reasonable chance occurs.

The responsibility of the British Government is measured by its power in the councils of the nations, and if by our action or neglect further catastrophes take place in Eastern Europe, and the only future safeguard for peace is discredited, the chief share of the guilt will rest upon ourselves. In view of the great urgency of the matter the Executive Committee of the League of Nations Union desire that our correspondence should be made known to the press. I am sending it, therefore, to appear on Saturday morning.

Yours obediently,
ROBERT CECIL

MAY 14, 1920

DEAR LORD ROBERT CECIL:

My letter to you was not written with a view to publication, and I am somewhat surprised at your expressed intention to send the correspondence to the press—in the first instance without even seeking my permission, and then with so short an interval of time that I am precluded from sending the detailed reply to your latest communication which I might otherwise have been tempted to do.

In these circumstances, if you still think the correspondence worthy of publicity, it must appear in the incomplete form which it now wears, this note, of course, being included; and I must content myself with the remark that there are a number of statements in your latest letter which I cannot accept.

Yours sincerely,
CURZON OF KEDLESTON

Investigating Soviet Russia

THE text of the Moscow radio dispatch printed below, giving the substance of Russia's reply to the suggestion that an investigating committee appointed by the League of Nations be admitted to Soviet Russia, has not appeared in the American press.

May 11. Yesterday an extraordinary meeting of the Central Executive Committee was held to examine the reply to be made to the telegram from the League of Nations concerning the special committee of investigation to be sent into Soviet Russia. The People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs gave a detailed history of the affair according to the foreign newspapers; then, in the name of the officers of the Executive Committee, read a draft reply which was unanimously adopted. The Soviet Government felicitates itself upon the decision of the League of Nations, regarding it as a proof that the enemies of Soviet Russia have now understood the futility of their attempts to destroy it. At least some of the states in the league are endeavoring to renounce the policy of fighting Soviet Russia. The Central Executive Committee is obliged to note that Poland, which is a member of the League of Nations, refuses to enter into negotiations with Russia on neutral or even upon Allied territory, and has waged war, not only without the least objection on the part of the league, but even with the active aid of several of its members. The Soviet Government desires that Russia should be open to all the nations with a minimum of guaranties that they will not abuse Russian hospitality. It will also receive the delegation of the English trade unions and will give it the opportunity to document itself on everything. It is thus disposed in principle to authorize the coming of the representatives of the League of Nations and to accord them complete freedom of study such as the representatives of a foreign state would enjoy in any sovereign state on the sole condition that the League of Nations shall observe the usages common among civilized peoples and not send into Russia persons who have participated in plots against the Government of Russia. Unfortunately, certain military combinations which have become evident since the Polish aggression, obviously sustained with arms and instructors by certain members of the League of Nations, do not permit the entry into Russia of a delegation including representatives of governments which have in fact renounced neutrality in this new war imposed upon Soviet Russia. In hoping, nevertheless, that the victories of the Red armies will rapidly put an end to this situation, the Central Executive Committee names a commission of three members who, in concert with the People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, will have power to authorize the entrance into Russia of the delegation as soon as possible, without convoking the Central Executive Committee.

Italy and Russian Trade

TO regulate commercial relations between Russia and Italy for the benefit of the working people of the two countries, the following agreement, reprinted from *Avanti* (Milan) for April 11, has been made between Maxim Litvinov as representative of the Central Union of Russian Cooperatives on the one hand, and Angiolo Cabrini as representative of the National League of Italian Cooperatives, the Union of Cooperatives of the City of Milan, and the National Cooperative Institute for Foreign Trade.

(1) All commercial exchange between the cooperatives of Soviet Russia and of Italy shall take place, until complete reestablishment of political and diplomatic relations between the two countries, for Russia through an agency of the Central Union in Rome, for Italy through an organ to be formed by the Milan League and the National Institute, under the auspices of the Italian Socialist Party and the National League of Italian Cooperatives, allied with other cooperative or similar organizations so as to give the organ a general and national character.

(2) The two organizations will handle trade between the cooperatives, as also trade with non-cooperative enterprises, whether industrial, commercial, or agricultural.

(3) The National Cooperative Credit Institute will become the representative in Italy of the Russian Central Union for payments, deposits, and other banking operations, and vice versa.

(4) The Russian Cooperative Union pledges itself, in any eventual commercial relations of an international character which touch the interests of Italy, to mention that it is bound by a convention with the Italian cooperatives.

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(5) This agreement shall last one year, and be automatically continued if neither of the contracting parties gives notice one month before termination.

(6) The present agreement merely formulates the directing principles for a final and detailed commercial agreement regulating all points, to be drawn up after further negotiations.

(7) The present convention should be ratified by the competent organs of the organizations concerned which have the right to propose eventual modifications.

Signed: MAXIM LITVINOV
ANGIOLO CABRINI

Copenhagen, March 29, 1920

Sinn Fein Justice

THE *Manchester Guardian* of May 10 published an interesting account of a sitting of the Sinn Fein land court at Galway, from which we take the following passages:

By courtesy of the arbitrators, I have been allowed to watch the proceedings of a Sinn Fein land court. These courts have sprung up spontaneously on the west coast of Ireland, and have not as yet been systematized and coordinated by the central Republican authority. They are the natural result of the strong common will for national independence and national responsibility, coupled with the categorical imperative "Divide! Divide!" which land hunger brings to the lips of poor men living on bog and rock. What they are, in fact, doing is to carry on locally and informally the excellent work of the Land Acts and the Congested Districts Board, and to arrange for a compulsory purchase on equitable terms where proved necessity demands—that is to say, where the smaller holdings are shown to be definitely uneconomic. They do not finance the would-be peasant purchaser—he must look to himself or to his friends or to a land bank for that—but they smooth out the intricate tangles of ownership as best they can in a common-sense way, relying not upon a complete and formal code of legal precedent, but upon considerations of equity and of the normal law as generally understood.

The courts have arisen to maintain order where disorder has arisen, and to substitute an appreciated and respected law for the anarchy of cattle-driving and gate-lifting. They are, in fact, humdrum, practical, business-like institutions, and if anyone has visions of masked men and romantic swords of justice he goes very far astray. All clergymen are members of the arbitrators' panel ex officio. The local Sinn Fein Club chose ten laymen by democratic election out of twenty-five nominees. The clergy then passed a decision that in no case should there be a preponderance of priests over laymen on any particular board. Usually it works out in practice that three arbitrators sit, one of whom is a priest. All litigants must sign a pledge that they will accept the findings of the court and obey them implicitly. In the vast majority of cases that have so far arisen this obedience has been forthcoming; in the rare exceptions the offender has been dealt with by the police arm of the volunteers. In cases where a man is accused of some act of agrarian aggression, a summons is sent to him, and if he refuses to answer it the executive arm of Sinn Fein sees to it that he attends. At court meetings it is put plainly before litigants that it is a serious business, and that no nonsense will be tolerated in the way of dallying about the fulfilment of the verdict. The courts deal only with agrarian cases, but of course the term is wide and inclusive in an agricultural country. Their object is simply the promotion of peace and of economic justice through an authority which derives its sovereignty from the general will.

The session which I attended was held in a vast detached house looking out over the bay—an eighteenth-century mansion built for some rich merchant or captain before the Act of Union, the invention of steamships, and the decline of Galway's greatness. On the ground floor is an office and a billiard-room. Upstairs, in a fine room that was a saloon running the whole length of the house, the court met. At a table in the center sat the registrar and the three abritrators for the night, a priest as president and two professional men from the elected panel. All round the room were the litigants and friends—small farmers and graziers who snatch a livelihood off the rocks, or wonder whether the winter rains will flood all or only half their land. The room was draped with Sinn Fein colors, and on the wall were photographs of the men who died in the Easter rising.

It was a quiet, orderly, keenly intent crowd, breaking into an occasional laugh at some naive or obviously crafty answer as the case proceeded. Litigants may employ solicitors or do their own business, but the complete absence of legal technicalities or jargon renders the former course less necessary than in an ordinary court of law. Here and there is a peasant woman, with a shawl over her head and shoulders, watching with those black eyes that are so common here—a legacy of the one-time Spanish colony, no doubt—the little battles of the disputed acres. The whole audience is keen; it has come not from curiosity, but to see an issue of moment decided. Their life is the land, the fate of a holding is destiny indeed. They are not demanding communism or confiscation, but simply the right to buy or rent enough to make their farm an economic proposition. It is an axiom of the Congested Districts Board that twenty-five acres constitute an economic holding, but I am told that this is not applicable to the rocks of West Galway, however much it may suit the richer Midlands. I gather that the Sinn Fein arbitrators would look upon forty as a decent minimum in this district.

Two cases were heard during the evening on which I was present, and both were conducted bilingually—that is to say, each man or woman spoke in the language which he found most easy to use. In Galway city the townsmen speak mostly English, but the small farmers of the coast use Irish by preference. Naturally, the arbitrators have to be bilingual, and there are no interpreters. After the two had been heard, the litigants and their friends were ordered out of the room and stood smoking in the street while the arbitrators deliberated above.

At last the company is recalled, and the chairman pronounces the decisions. The verdict is received in perfect quiet, with no demonstrations of anger or triumph, and the court is dissolved with no more dignified formula than a polite "That's all."

About the court I visited there was no pomp or ceremony of any kind—no theatrical gestures such as might be expected from men who deem themselves citizens of a young republic and creators of a new social order. It was simply an affair of busy men giving up their evenings to help out their neighbors to the best of their ability, reconstituting a native law where British law has collapsed. I believe that the decisions are perfectly fair and that political bias does not color any verdict. I understand that the first plaintiff in one local court was a Unionist, who demanded and was granted protection from vexatious invasion of his property. He has not been troubled since. That, of course, is the important point in the eyes of political opponents of Sinn Fein. These courts have a real authority because they are popular, and thus people who do not accept the ideal of an independent Irish Republic yet attend the courts because they know that the findings will be generally recognized. . . . It is a doubtful point whether they are legal in the sense of being acceptable to British law. No oath is administered, but the fact that compulsion is used to bring in a recalcitrant may be cited against them by a legalist critic. But, after all, legality is not of the slightest importance in Ireland. D. O. R. A. reigns in splendor, and military law, which is another name for anarchy, can be applied when wanted. If the British authorities wished to destroy these land courts they would not trouble their heads for a moment about the legality of the business. But if such a step were taken it would only be another colossal blunder. . . .

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A Turkish Protest

THE following letter of H. E. Ghalib Kemaly Bey, inclosing the address of the President of the Ottoman Chamber of Deputies, was sent to the Presidents of the Parliaments of Great Britain, France, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, and the United States at the opening of the discussion regarding the Turkish treaty.

Your Excellency,

I have the honor to transmit to your Excellency a telegram which the president of the Ottoman Chamber of Deputies sends to the representatives of civilized nations to denounce to them the arbitrary and illegal treatment to which the unhappy Turkish nation is being subjected on the eve of the conclusion of peace, and to beg in the name of justice, of humanity, and of the sacred rights of nations the urgent and salutary intervention of the civilized nations in order to assure to the Turks, who in spite of a history of more than ten centuries full of glory, equity, and magnanimity are calumniated in a shameless manner, their national unity, their independence, and their right to exist and to develop with the sincere, enlightened, but disinterested cooperation of all civilized peoples.

Today the Constantinople Government is reduced to a cipher, and the best children of the Ottoman nation are, during the armistice, being arrested and exiled like criminals without the slightest justification or plausible excuse. The object in view is to deprive the Ottoman nation of all legal means of defense and to force the acceptance of the conditions of a more than onerous peace which would take away even the right to existence.

Signed: GHALIB KEMALY
Ottoman Minister Plenipotentiary
on leave in Rome

Address from the Ottoman Parliament to the Representatives of Civilized Nations

On the eve of the Peace Conference recommencing its meetings with the object of definitely drawing up the Turkish treaty, the enemies of the Ottoman State, perturbed by the progress of the reaction manifesting itself in certain quarters in favor of the maintenance of the independence and territorial integrity of Turkey, seek to obtain credence by making use of certain events which have recently taken place in Asia Minor for a new calumny intended to deprive our country of the sympathy and the support which came to its assistance at the eleventh hour. A massacre was stated to have taken place in Asia Minor, during which thousands of non-Moslems were said to have been the innocent victims of the sudden and causeless fury of the Moslems. This is one of those perversions of the truth to which professional Turkophobes, actuated by certain political ambitions which could not be openly admitted, have long been a party. . . .

Being convinced, by bitter experience that no personal defense of Turkey, no matter how well documented and convincing, has any chance of success with Western mentalities prepared in advance to refuse credence to whatever is said, we have asked the Peace Conference to appoint an International Commission, impartially composed, charged with the duty of investigating the events which gave rise to the accusation of which our country is once more a victim.

We could not give a better proof that we desire only that the truth should be known about a matter with which our very fate as a nation is bound up. A refusal to grant our demand would prove on the contrary that there is a real conspiracy to despoil us of our territory and of our independence and that the Peace Conference, constituted supreme earthly tribunal, has betrayed the high mission with which it has been invested. . . .

The President of the Ottoman Chamber of Deputies

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